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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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THE FEMALE RIGHTS' MUSKETEERS.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED IF THE SCHEMES OF CERTAIN STRONG-MINDED WOMEN IN AMERICA ARE REALIZED.



RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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THE "KEY"

To the Picture of the Great

HEENAN AND SAYERS CONTEST

Will be presented FREE with No. 193, issued Friday, May 27. Purchasers of this number of the POLICE GAZETTE should see that they are supplied with the Supplement FREE OF COST. Newsdealers are requested to send their orders for extra supplies of No. 193 without delay to their news companies.

TALMAGE converted 310 sinners during his last revival. "Cold weather" religion, especially the revival article, is a mighty onsartin thing when the heat gets up in the nineties.

AN office-seeker suicided in Washington the other day. This is an evidence of sensitiveness or discouragement rarely found in a chronic place-hunter. The victim must have been a new hand.

A LAW was passed in California prohibiting waiter girls from working at night in concert saloons. The Supreme Court decided it unconstitutional, in spite of the fact that the object was to benefit the girls and that the business was immoral, on the ground that immorality not in conflict with positive law is not sufficient ground for such interference.

PRAYER OF THE PEOPLE: "Good Lord, impress upon our Senators and Congressmen and public officials generally that they are becoming nuisances; that a long-suffering public is tired of their harangues, their bargainings and dickerings, and yearns for the time to come when they will betake themselves to some unknown spot, disappear mysteriously, and give us a rest."

THE natives of the extreme west can teach their fellow citizens of the civilized parts of the country some very practical lessons in judicial economy. If a man becomes a murderer, a rapist or horse thief his punishment is swift and severe. Pleas of insanity, kleptomania, appeals, postponements, etc., all of which tend to make law a burlesque and deplete the public funds, are avoided, and criminals soon cease from troubling. Judge Lynch puts the quietus on them.

NEVER in the history of New York city have so many emigrants landed at this port as during the past week. Dear fellow citizens to be, if you would be happy and prosperous in this glorious land of politicians, listen to words of wisdom. Go West! Subscribe for the POLICE GAZETTE, and grow up with the country. You can only make a bare existence in New York. There's nothing here but work—hard work—and little for it. Out west the land flows with milk and honey. Here it flows with—whew! Good-bye; we'll come out and stay with you a couple of years after you get settled—if the walking is good. Don't forget about that subscription, only \$4.00 a year for the handsomest and best illustrated paper in the world.

KEY TO THE GREAT HEENAN-SAYERS PRIZE FIGHT.

The 250,000 readers of No. 179 of the POLICE GAZETTE, with which was presented a supplementary illustration of the great Heenan-Sayers prize fight, will be gratified at the announcement that the KEY will be ready with the next issue of this journal (No. 193.)

Never in the history of the prize ring was a more hotly-contested battle fought than the famous "mill" at Farnborough between the English and American champions. Its issue interested all classes of society in all parts of the world. From every quarter of the globe came representative sporting men to witness the contest. Their portraits were taken just as they appeared on the ground, and very few copies were circulated. There was a general desire among all lovers of sport for a fac-simile of the picture, and the POLICE GAZETTE's enterprise in supplying it was considered one of the most creditable feats in the records of illustrated journalism. The fidelity to life of every detail was regarded as a triumph of the engraver's art. Every feature of the original picture was preserved. The portraits of the 250 sports present were voted by all "true to life."

The KEY will enable those who possess this engraving to identify every man present, and is an indispensable adjunct to the picture.

Those who have become impatient over the delay, will be amply recompensed for their long wait in receiving the KEY executed in the same perfect manner as its original. The POLICE GAZETTE believes in the old adage, "that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well," and has been governed by this principle in the present instance. The KEY will be a worthy accompaniment to our great gift, both in point of superior execution and interest.

Be wide awake! Remember No. 193.

DEAD!

The bill providing autocratic authority on the Society for the Suppression of Vice has been voted down in the Assembly. Had it become a law it would have given the agent of the Society extraordinary power over all questions embraced in the purposes of the Society. He could have compelled policemen and sheriffs in all parts of the State to do his bidding and make arrests without a warrant. Mr. Comstock insisted upon the reporting of the bill, while Superintendent Walling opposed it. The Committee rejected the bill by a vote of 5 to 4, but did not make the adverse report to the Assembly; whereupon Mr. Walling moved to take the bill out of the hands of the Committee and bring it before the Assembly for consideration.

For this motion only nine voted in the affirmative. The negative vote was not counted, but there were at least 100 members on their feet against it. This is supposed to settle the bill for the session.

NO REST FOR THE WICKED.

What special out-burst of rascality has called forth the Governor's proclamation against lotteries and gambling we do not know, but there has been no time, in many years, when it would not have been timely. Gambling in its various forms is one of the greatest evils of the day, and there is probably no place of a thousand inhabitants where those who are inclined to this dangerous practice cannot find the opportunity to gamble. How much the Governor's proclamation will do towards quickening the vigilance of the officers of the law, and suppressing faro banks and policy shops, remains to be seen. A few removals for neglect of duty may be needed to give the proclamation full force and effect. There is nothing that will spur a police official up to a faithful discharge of his duty so quick as fear of dismissal, and if the remedy is tried once or twice it may have a salutary effect.

SOME GIFTED LIARS.

And the Tales They Told in a Modern Grocery—Models For Eli Perkins and Ward Politicians.

"I knew an old farmer in Minnesota," said the man with the red nose, "who owned ten acres of timber land, where millions of pigeons came each year to roost. They devastated the wheat fields, and the old coon used to catch the birds in nets and thrash them out on the barn floor. Each bird had three ounces of wheat in his crop, and it was a bad year for 'Old Thompson' when he couldn't ship a thousand bushels of wheat to market at \$2 a bushel, and it ranked A No. 1 when it reached the Chicago elevator. If there had been a few millions more of pigeons he would have come pretty near getting a corner in the Minnesota wheat crop."

"I know a planter down in Alabama," said Kittrell, "who trained an alligator to work up and down the river and catch the little picanninies that played along its banks. The alligator would take the little kids in its jaws and swim back to the plantation. It was a dull day that he couldn't corral three or four. The planter raised them carefully, and when they got big sold 'em in New Orleans, prices ranging from three to ten thousand apiece. He was rolling in wealth when Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was issued, and after that the alligator never did any more work. The man is now barely keeping body and soul together in Washington, clerking in one of the Government bureaus at \$8,000 a year."

"I had a dog once," spoke the Judge, "back in Nebraska, that I kept to herd cottonwood lumber. Cottonwood boards warp like thunder in the sun. A board would begin to hump its back at nine in the morning, and in half an hour it would turn over. By eleven it would warp the other way with the heat, and make another flop. Each time it turned it moved a couple of feet, always following the sun toward the west. The first summer I lived in Brownville over ten thousand feet of lumber skipped out to the hills the day before I had advertised a house raisin'. I went to the county seat to attend a lawsuit, and when I got back there wasn't a stick of timber left. It had strayed away into the uplands. An ordinary board would climb a two-mile hill during a hot week, and when it struck the timber it would keep wormin' in and out among the trees like a garter-snake. Every farmer in the State had to keep shepherd dogs to follow his lumber around the country, keep it together, and show where it was in the morning. Wouldn't need any flumes there for lumber. We sawed it east of the place we wanted to use it and let it warp itself to its destination, with men and dogs to head it off at the right time. We never lost a stick."

THE DIVORCE DETECTIVE.

How He Aids Wives by Shadowing Absent Husbands—How Separations are Brought About in Many Cities.

In Chicago, last week, Sarah E. Brownwell, of No. 464 West Randolph street, was sued for \$200 by J. H. McCausland, an alleged private detective. The plaintiff's story was that he shadowed Mrs. Brownwell's husband at her request in order to get some evidence of adultery against the man. His agreement with the lady was that, in case she squeezed \$10,000 out of her lord, he was to get 10 per cent. of the amount. His pay, in fact, depended on the manner Mr. B. was bled.

It was suspected that Mr. Brownwell paid frequent visits to a bawdy on Washington avenue and the wary wife suggested that a spy be introduced into the place in question. But the detective did not think it necessary to resort to these means, but went on diligently gathering evidence here and there.

Finally the husband and wife compromised the matter, the latter being satisfied with the sum of \$2,000.

Mr. B. was then satisfied that he had avoided the publicity that usually attends a divorce suit. But Mrs. B. refused to pay the divorce detective and hence the fact that the scandal is dragged into the light.

Her story, as told on the witness stand, was, in some respects, a peculiar one. She said she was a spiritualistic medium and that she had discharged her obligations to the detective by according him certain spiritual manifestations. She was under the impression, she said, that he had worked for her simply as a friend, without expectation of any pay.

One of the witnesses introduced was John Whiteley, of No. 11 South Green street. John stated that he, too, was a spiritualist and often called on Mrs. Brownwell to take her to seances. He generally called for her before she was ready to go, so as to have some time on his hands for "contingencies." He overheard a conversation between the lady and the detective and gathered from their remarks that the latter expected no compensation for his services. On being cross-questioned John said that he had come to America in 1876, since which time he had worked two weeks as a spy on the South Division railway, and all the rest of the time had experimented on a new motive power, partly electrical and partly chemical. The court decided that the divorce detective deserved \$180.

SEASONING.

OLD maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

A NEVADA Legislator proposes to let women vote if they'll go to the polls dressed in trousers.

SAD case: The girl who was locked in her lover's arms for three hours explains that it was not her fault. She says he forgot the combination.

LOVE affects young men in various ways. Not long ago one walked out of a Middletown church with his girl at his side, leaving his hat behind, and tried to put his umbrella on his head. There is hope for him yet.

THERE is a solemnity connected with death that we should all hold in reverence—but when a woman plants her sixth husband and then looks patronizingly around for the seventh the affair becomes sensational.

THE last rays of the fast-sinking moon were falling upon his pale, intellectual features, when he suddenly withdrew his arm and, leaping into the air, exclaimed: "D—n it, Sally, I wish you wouldn't use pins in your waist belt."

A YOUNG wife lately lost her husband, who was about 70 years old. "But how did you ever happen to marry a man of that age?" asked one of her friends. "Why," said the young widow, "you see I only had the choice between two old men, and, of course, I took the oldest."

"ANY good shooting on your farm?" asked a hunter of a farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist, "there is a drive-well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate in the barn and two tramps down in the stock yard. Climb over the fence, load both barrels and sail in."

GENEVIEVE WARD is shocked beyond all expression because men and women are compelled to sleep in the same sleeping car. It is dreadful. We have often worried over the same thing and been afraid to go to sleep lest some woman should chloroform us and kiss us in our dreams. No man is safe in a mixed sleeping car.

THE Boston Post tells of a case of native politeness. A man had just taken his seat in a street-car, in fact he had got fairly down, when a lady entered. He immediately rose. "Don't rise, sir; I beg of you, don't!" she said. "Good heavens, ma'am," he yelled, "I must! There's a pin three inches long set up on that seat!"

THERE is a lady in town who thinks that her fate will be that of Abel. Abel was killed by a club and she thinks the club her husband belongs to will be her death yet. She is already beginning to raise Cain about it. She says he goes every Eve and he frequently is not Abel to come home alone. But he says that he don't care Adam.

"WHAT bait do you use?" said a saint to the devil.

"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"

"Well, for special tastes," said the King of Evil,

"Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for general use?" asked the saint. "Ah, then,"

Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men,

And a thing I hate is to change my bait,

So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

A WICKED fellow in the timbers near Denton, Texas, a few days ago, was desperately sick and near to death's door when he was called upon by a minister and urged, in view of his early departure from the shores of time, to "wrestle with the devil." The sick man called attention to his wasted limbs and unstrung muscles and replied: "Do I look like rasin' with the devil? Why, he'd trip me into hell the first pass."

SHE was nicely dressed and bore a good countenance; but she was stepping off a yard at a time right in the middle of the street. When politely requested to take the sidewalk and thus avoid being run over by the multitude of teams—hurrying teams—she replied: "I'm none of your stuck-up city firls, I thank you; I live in the country, if ye only know it; and I'm used to going it anywhere. This street is good enough for me or any other queen."

If there is one thing more embarrassing than another it is, while waiting at the depot for an expected train, to have a plump female trip lightly from the train, cast both her arms around your neck and plant a kiss on your mouth the size of a liver pad, with the hearty exclamation, "Why Cousin Joe, I'm delighted to see you!" when you never saw the ravishing female in the whole course of your natural existence, until the half minute previous.

"SHUT your eyes and open your mouth," he said playfully, and she, with the implicit confidence of love, did as he told her. Then he carefully selected a plump early strawberry from a basket full of that fruit, which he had purchased at the rate of 20 cents a berry, and dropped it into the rosy hollow of her mouth. She sprang to her feet instantly and spitting out the berry said indignantly: "What did you do that for, you nasty thing? You know I hate lemon juice."

"Do you love me, sweet?" was the wail she wove.

As he pressed her close to his heart's wild throbbing;

"Does love's fierce tide irrigate your soul?

Is your heart with mine simultaneously bobbing?"

Her soulful eyes flew up to his face,

And pierced his own with their lovely glitter;

Then soft she murmured, with winning grace,

"Do I love you, George? Well, I should twitter."

A MINISTER out in the far west, who had been troubled a good deal over marriage fees, issued the following circular and price list: "One marriage plain, \$2; ditto, kissing the bride \$3; ditto, trimmed with one groomsmen and bridesmaid, \$4; fifty cents extra for each additional groomsmen or bridesmaid; bachelors past forty will be charged extra; maids of age 10 per cent. off. Mileage will be charged in long-distance matches. Liberal reduction to clubs. Payments in cash; no notes or securities accepted. No money refunded or rebates made for poor goods. Come early and come often."

"SEE me mash that pretty damsel," said a lark young man with the latest style of silk plug, to his friend on West Grand street about 9 o'clock on Saturday evening. Quietly stepping up to the pretty damsel's side he lifted the aforesaid silk plug and remarked in winning tones: "Excuse me, my dear young lady, but it is rather late for you to be on the street unprotected; permit me to accompany you to your home." Instantly a broad-face of sable hue was turned on the interlocutor, and between a set of gleaming ivories flashed the following: "Look a hen young fellow, I don't want none o' yer tip; gim me a single word o' sarce and I'll flop yer on yer back; do yer heah!" Both "young fellahs heahd" and gave up the "mash."

GREAT CRIMES

AND

CRIMINALS OF AMERICA.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MANHATTAN WELL MYSTERY.

There is a romance of crime in New York city which far antedated the murder of Mary Rogers which, by the by, bore a singular resemblance to it. Like the tragedy of which the beautiful cigar girl was the heroine, it was an assassination of which a young and lovely woman was the victim. Like it, too, it remains a mystery as far as its real story is concerned to this day.

In the year 1799 New York was not the sprawling monster of brick and mortar that it is to-day. There is many a country town in the land to-day which can make a better showing for itself in homes and people to live in than the great metropolis of the Western Continent could at the end of the last century.

The thickly-clustered houses lay all below Canal street, through which ran the stream by which the water of the Collect, a large pond over whose filled-up bed the Tombs now rises its grim walls, reached the North River. Beyond that were meadows and fields, gentlemen's country seats, dairy and kitchen farms, and Broadway and the Bowery were country roads.

At that time the Manhattan Company, now a bank, had the task of supplying New York City with pure and wholesome water, and some may be astonished to learn that it still has a large tank full of water in Centre street to supply any citizen who may prefer it to Croton, and will pay his yearly water rent.

Among the wells sunk by this company was one on Laurens street, or South Fifth avenue as it is to-day, near Spring, now inclosed within the walls of a house.

At the time we speak of, this Manhattan well stood in an open field, and parties out driving frequently stopped there to water their horses or take a cooling draught themselves from the bucket.

Among the well-known residents of that day was Mr. Elias Ring. He was a Quaker, a well-to-do business man, who lived with his family in a comfortable old mansion which was not torn down until a few years ago, at the corner of Franklin and Greenwich streets.

The family of Elias Ring consisted of his wife, daughter and orphaned niece.

The name of this latter was Gulielma Elmore Sands. She was a beautiful and intelligent young girl, vivacious in temperament and of an amiable and lovable nature. Lovely as she was and conscious of her loveliness, she was very little of the coquette and in person and manner a model of propriety.

Still she had a sweetheart.

This person was a young man named Levi Weekes who boarded at her uncle's house. He was a handsome young fellow, who seemed to reciprocate Gulielma's affection for him. They were much together and were popularly looked upon as acknowledged lovers.

Consequently, when Gulielma, on Sunday, December 30, she informed her aunt and cousin that she was to be privately married that evening to Levi Weekes. They were not particularly astonished. They approved of the match, the more especially as Levi was a young man of some means and more expectations, and his fiancée a poor girl, dependant on them for her support.

So she set out, if her words are to be believed, to be married.

Or rather she set out first to a neighbor to borrow a muff. She was to be driven to the ministers, she said, in a sleigh Levi had borrowed from his brother. While she was gone for the muff her lover remained in the entry of her uncle's house. She returned and the last seen of them together, Elma, as she was called for brief, and her sweetheart were standing in the hallway, criticising the muff she had succeeded in borrowing.

Kith nor kin of hers ever set eyes on her again, alive.

There are people who swore, long afterwards, that they saw Levi Weekes hand her into the sleigh and others who said they saw him driving her off. But whether he did really hand her into the sleigh or whether the witnesses had even seen her in it no man knows.

What is known is that Mrs. Ring was just putting her workbasket back to retire to bed that night when the knocker at the door announced a visitor. To the good woman's no little amazement it was Levi Weekes. He had a sleigh, with the horse tied to the hitching post in front of the house, and asked for Elma.

"Elma?" repeated Mrs. Ring, "did thee say Elma, Levi?"

"Yes, I did," he replied, as the woman afterwards thought with some nervousness; "What of it?"

"Why, she hath gone out."

"Gone out at this time of night?"

"Yes."

"But what should she go out for? who was she with?"

This remark puzzled Mrs. Ring more than ever and she could barely stammer:

"Indeed, Levi, to tell the truth, I believe she went with thee."

He answered promptly: "If she had gone out with me she would have come with me. I never saw her after she left the room."

To make a long story short, he swore he had left the girl standing in the hallway and had gone to obtain the sleigh at his brother's; that he had been detained there until now and that was all.

And so it turned out to be, so far as any admissions on his part were concerned. The girl not returning by morning, a hue-and-cry was raised and she was sought, but vainly. No sign or token of her could be found. Indeed, the very hour of her leaving the house and whether she left alone or in the company of Weekes or anybody else was never discovered.

Two days after the muff Gulielma Sands had borrowed was found in Manhattan well, but even this and the disappearance of the girl led to no further examination till the 2d of January, 1800, when the uncle, Elias Ring, and another person dragged the well and brought up the poor girl's body, with the dress torn open above the waist, but without shawl, neck-handkerchief or shoes. There were marks of strangulation on the neck.

It was no case of suicide, as she would not have thrown aside these articles and retained the muff. But who was the murderer?

Suspicion at once rested on Levi Weekes. He was arrested, indicted and on the last day of March put upon his trial.

The presiding judge was Chief Justice Lansing, who disappeared years after as mysteriously as did Gulielma Sands, leaving his hotel for the Albany boat, never to be seen or heard of. Cadwallader D. Colden was the prosecutor and on the side of Weekes were arrayed Alexander Hamilton and his future slayer Aaron Burr, and also Brookholst Livingston.

On the jury of solid New Yorkers sat, among others, Robert L. Sylburn, whose name has recently been brought up as the original purchaser from the city of the site of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

A great number of witnesses were produced, and the prosecution, adopting the theory that Weekes took Elma out in his brother's sleigh, choked her to death and threw her in the well. Several persons living near that spot heard cries of "Murder!" on the night of December 22d, but no special search was made. The track of a sleigh was noticed near the well, but quite a number passed there daily and there seemed to be no proof of any marks of a struggle.

There was no testimony that Weekes and the poor girl were seen to enter the sleigh, although in after years some professed to have seen it.

Several witnesses declared on oath that Weekes spent the evening, from 8 to 10, at his brother's house. The evidence of his having used his brother's sleigh was extremely weak, and when on the third day of the trial the counsel suddenly closed the case without any address to the jury from either side, Judge Lansing, somewhat annoyed at not having time to review the testimony, instructed the jury that there was not sufficient evidence to justify them in bringing in a verdict of guilty.

Under this instruction the jury acquitted Weekes.

Public opinion, however, was strong against him, and he left New York.

Stories of all kinds prevailed as to Elma and her condition at the time, some saying that she was always cheerful—others that she was a prey to melancholy. A thrilling incident on the trial was often repeated, although there seems little foundation for it. Burr is said to have moved two candelabra suddenly, so as to throw the light on the face of a witness, also a boarder at the house, so as to give him from where the jury sat a ghastly and livid look.

His testimony is said to have weighed against Weekes, but from Hamilton's full notes of the trial, still preserved, it was evidently immaterial. But the story is that as he made the movement, Burr exclaimed, "Gentlemen, there is the murderer!" and that his guilty start saved the prisoner's life.

How Gulielma Sands came to her death was then a mystery, and though the saying goes that murder will out, we are nearing the end of the century with no light thrown on the case.

Had her shawl and shoes been found, the belief might be held that Elma expected Weekes to marry her that night, that he refused, and in her desperation she strolled off and put an end to her existence.

But they were not, and the supposition of a death by criminal violence remains good.

Levi Weekes was a lucky man. Whether he killed his sweetheart or not no man can say. But men have gone to the gallows planks on less damnable circumstances than those whose evidence he managed to escape.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Next week's "Great Crimes and Criminals" will be a description of the murder of Mary Ashford, one of the most thrilling crimes in the annals of wickedness.

When a Jersey policeman shoots at a mad dog his shots always prove fatal except when there is no one else in the same street.

HER GHASTLY SECRET.

A Dying Woman Confesses a Crime Which Occurred Nearly Twenty Years Ago, and for Which Two Men Were Hung.

The people of Princess Anne, Cressfield and other parts of Somerset county, Md., are excited over the reported confession of a woman who is now on her death bed of having murdered a man 18 years ago. Two negroes were executed for the crime in 1863. The murder took place in the latter part of 1862, the victim being Azariah Dougherty, who was found dead in his store.

As was then supposed his money was the incentive for the crime. Suspicion rested upon two colored men who were arrested soon after the murder was perpetrated; but no money was to be found in their possession and none could be found about the premises of Mr. Dougherty. It was generally supposed that some other party or parties were accessories to the crime, but time failed to unravel the mystery. The men arrested were soon after placed on trial for the murder, and were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

The evidence upon which they were convicted was purely circumstantial. All efforts to show directly that they committed the crime failed. The strongest evidence connecting the two men with the crime is said to have been the finding in the pocket of one of them a knife that was shown belonged to the murdered man. On the scaffold both men protested they were innocent down to the moment when the fatal drop fell and one of them, in a speech on the gallows, declared himself innocent of the terrible crime and said that the perpetrator would be discovered in less than 20 years, and that he would not be found to be a black man.

The story of the crime and execution had for a long time been almost forgotten, but the reported confession made public now has revived it and aroused the curious interest of all familiar with the tragedy and the tragic developments.

The woman who is reputed to have made the startling confession is Mrs. Patty A. Ward, living a few miles from Cressfield. She is suffering from a terrible cancer, which has placed her beyond the fear of all human laws, and her confession is believed to have been caused by the knowledge of her approaching death and the fear of entering into the presence of her Maker without having confessed the crime. It is understood that she has given to her relatives a full account of the horrible affair, in which she discloses the fact that she, together with her son, murdered Mr. Dougherty for his money. The son died a few years ago and a short time before his death it is said he expressed a wish to tell something, which is now believed to have been his share in the crime, but that Mrs. Ward prevented him by placing her hand over his mouth.

There are many rumors in circulation about the whole affair, one being that the friends of the dying woman will not allow the confession to be given to the public until after her death has taken place.

BIG TATER TRAPS.

The Annoying Experience of a Chicago Drummer—Choice Kissing at Cheap Rates

The fashion papers, which are authority on all the styles, says Peck's *Sun*, claim that ladies with large mouths are all the style now, and those whose mouths are small and rosebud like are out of style. It is singular that fashion takes such freaks. Years ago a red-headed girl, with a mouth like a slice cut out of a muskmelon, would have been laughed at, but now such a girl is worth going miles to see. It is easier to color the hair red and be in fashion than it is to enlarge the mouth, though a mouth that has any give to it can be helped by the application of a glove stretcher during the day and by holding the cover of a tin blacking box while asleep.

What in the world the leaders of fashion declared large mouths the style for, the heavens alone can tell. Take a pretty face and mortice about a third of it for a mouth and it seems as though it was a great waste of raw material. There is no use that a large mouth can be put to that a small mouth would not do better, unless used as a pigeon hole to file away old sets of false teeth. They can't be for kissing.

You all remember the traveling man who attended the church fair at Kalamazoo, where one of the sisters would give a kiss for ten cents. He went up and paid his ten cents and was about to kiss her when he noticed that her mouth was one of those large, open-faced, cylinder escapement of a mouth. It commenced at the chin and went about four chains and three links in a northwesterly direction, then around by the ear to the place of beginning, and containing 12 acres, more or less. The traveling man said that he was only a poor orphan and had a family to support, and if he never came out alive it would be a great hardship to those depending upon him for support, and he asked her as a special favor that she take her hand and take in a reef in one side of her mouth.

She consented, and puckered in a handful of what would have been cheek if it had not been mouth. He looked at her and found that her mouth had become a very one-sided affair and he said he had one more favor to ask. He

was not a man who was counted hard to suit when he was home in Chicago, but he would always feel as though he had got his money's worth and go away with pleasanter recollections of Kalamazoo if she would kindly take her other hand and draw the other side of her mouth together, and he would be content to take his ten cents' worth out of what was left unemployed.

This was too much and she gave him a terrible look and returned him his ten cents, saying, "Do you think, sir, because you are a Chicago drummer that for ten cents you can take a kiss right out of the best part of it? Go, get thee to a nunnery," and he went and bought a lemonade with the money.

We would not advise any lady whose mouth is small to worry about this fashion or try to enlarge the one nature has given her. Large mouths will have a run for a few brief months and be much sought after by the followers of fashion; but in a short time the little ones that pout and look cunning will come to the front and the large ones will be for rent. The best kind of a mouth to have is a medium sized one that has a dimple by its sides, which is always in style.

HE HIT 'EM RIGHT.

Plain Talk to Fanatics by a Level-Headed Mayor.

Carter Harrison was lately re-elected Mayor of Chicago, defeating a candidate who was pledged to advance the temperance cause. Contrary to expectation, Harrison began his second term with the closure of a number of disreputable resorts. At a temperance meeting in Plymouth Church a committee was appointed to thank him for what he had done and to suggest other things for him to do. The interview which resulted was remarkable.

The committee had hardly been introduced when the Mayor said:

"I would not have been elected if you fellows had had your way. You did all you could to defeat me. You are always kicking against something you don't know anything about. I am in favor of a few all-night saloons but you gentlemen are not liberal-minded enough to see my motives. You fellows are too straight-laced."

The committee said that over 1,000 girls had been counted in one night coming out of low concert halls.

"Pshaw!" replied the Mayor, "the same night at McVicker's you might have seen 'Camille' gilded, alluring, throwing a charm and glamour about sensuality and vice, and an audience of so-called intelligent and respectable people applauding it. Why don't your association attend to this?"

The committee talked total abstinence to his Honor, only to elicit his sentiments on the subject as follows:

"I can drink like a man and a Christian and keep sober. If you gentlemen were to drink you would perhaps become drunk and make brutes of yourselves. You would be the intemperate ones. The responsibilities of my office are such that I sometimes find it necessary to take a drink. It is a debatable question whether I should be deprived of my privilege because you gentlemen or others cannot drink without making brutes of yourselves."

THE QUEEN OF THE LOBBY.

A Siren who Gives Nice Entertainments to Susceptible Statesmen.

A Washington correspondent thus describes the queen of the lobby:

In the heart of the most fashionable portion of the metropolis is a neat, unobtrusive house, the blinds of which are rarely open, and the threshold of which is rarely darkened by any female form save that of its owner, while gentlemen are coming and going at all hours, especially after dark. It is the home of one who is to Washington what Aspasia was to Athens—a large, handsome, well-developed woman, with vivacious manners and great conversational powers. Courted and yet shunned, admired yet condemned, she has the leading Congressmen, officers of the army and navy, and men high up in our civil service in her cosy drawing-room, or around her deliciously-laden supper-table. A railroad interest retains her, and she is awarded a "contingent" in almost every scheme for plundering the treasury through Congress. Every Sunday evening she is "at home," and at 11 o'clock the door of her dining-room is thrown open, disclosing a supper cooked in the most artistic style, with wines of the rarest vintages. Occasionally, but very seldom, she visits the capitol, and is seen in the galleries listening to some interesting debate and casting bright glances down upon the bald-headed gentlemen on the floor.

The trial of W. C. Guthrie, at Wilmington, Del., for attempted rape, was concluded on the 12th inst. A verdict of guilty was rendered, but sentence was deferred. The statute prescribes a penalty of thirty lashes, the pillory, and a fine and imprisonment for a term of years not exceeding ten. Guthrie is about 45. His victim, Annie Bell Davidson, was 8½ years old at the time. Both are white. Delaware is the only State where the pillory remains as an agent of offended law.



BOB WAS ALIVE AND KICKING.

AND PROVES IT BY SMASHING A TOMBSTONE WHICH HAD BEEN ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY; HAVERHILL, MASS.

A Warning to Prompt Boys.

Louis Walters, of Kent, O., has left this vale of tears with the aid of a bell. He was not one of the kind of boys who play "hooky" with every chance they get and it was unfortunate for him that he was not. He made it a point to be promptly at school every morning. The school-master was ringing the bell the other morning and Louis was watching the operation. Snap went the rope, down came the bell, covering Louis up and injuring him so severely that it is thought he cannot live.

Moral—Don't be too prompt in getting to school.

Not Dead, Begorra.

Thirty years ago Robert Thorn, of Haverhill, Mass., disappeared from that town, where to, no one knew. A number of years went by with no tidings of him and then his friends gave him up for dead. To commemorate his many virtues they erected a tombstone, on which was inscribed the usual amount of mortuary taffy. There it stood in the cemetery till a short time ago.

One fine morning Robert turned up sound in mind, limb and body. The tombstone was shown him and he became exceedingly wroth. Arming himself with a large beetle he repaired to the cemetery a few days after his return and knocked the tombstone into smithereens.

To What Base Uses, Etc.

There is no profession which tends so much to banish all sympathy for human suffering from our natures as the medical. The human

form divine and its wonderful formation is a study which does more to bring about this result than any other part of the education of a physician. Students, when they first enter the dissecting room, are squeamish and backward about handling subjects. Familiarity with the scenes which transpire there soon wears this feeling away and they become as hardened as

any old veteran in the "hacking up" business, and for that matter a little more so, if a recent performance in Joliet, Ill., may be taken as a sample.

A number of incipient young doctors, after going through an evening's course of dissection, varied their ghastly studies with a little amusement with the skulls and cross bones



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

ROSE COGHLAN,

THE CELEBRATED COMEDIENNE.



INTO ETERNITY BY THE BELL ROUTE.

RESULTS OF BEING TOO PROMPT AT SCHOOL; A BOY IS CRUSHED BY THE FALLING OF A SCHOOL-HOUSE BELL; KENT, O.

which were in the room. The bones served as pins and the skulls as balls in a very lively game of bowling. The fun, according to report, was very exciting and very funny. It must have been.

She Couldn't See It.

A dairyman in Floyd county, Ind., having settled it to his own satisfaction that a woman whom he was supplying with milk would make him an excellent wife, rang his bell in front of her house, and when she came out with her pail, addressed her as follows: "I want a wife. I have a good dairy of fifteen cows. We rise at three in the morning; we have rye coffee for breakfast, with skimmed milk, but no sugar for seasoning. You need not get up so early, and you may have cream in your coffee. We have bean soup once a week; we have boiled cabbage once a week, and kraut once a week. We occasionally have some bacon. But we do not use butter, for it is too expensive, and use lard in its place. We work hard and live saving. I have told you all, and would like to marry you." The widow peremptorily declined.

Favorites of the Footlights.

Miss Rose Coghlan, whose portrait graces our theatrical gallery this week, was formerly connected with the Princess theatre, London, and was a prime favorite in the English metropolis. She was engaged by Lester Wallack for leading lady, and soon installed herself in the good opinions of the theatre-goers of New York. Her versatility, vivacity and high order of talent has made her one of the leading actresses of America.



"TO WHAT BASE USES MAY WE NOT RETURN?"

GHASTLY SPORT BY HARD-HEARTED MEDICAL STUDENTS—THEY TURN A DISSECTING ROOM INTO A BOWLING ALLEY, AND HAVE A GAME OF NINE-PINS WITH SKULLS AND CROSS BONES; JOLIET, ILL.

Kind Attentions not Appreciated.

A young lady at Dayton, Ill., is not so much a lover of the equine portion of creation as she was previous to an exciting experience she had last week. A brood mare and her colt were standing in one of the streets of the above city, and the young lady stopped to pet the pair. Her attentions were mostly bestowed on the colt, which evidently excited the jealousy of its mother. She seized the maiden by her dress, lifted her bodily from the ground, and carried her some distance. Some passersby came to the rescue, and saved her from a probable death.

Romantic and Tragical.

Jack Finehart, a well known resident of Utah, has been the hero of many adventures. His most exciting one was a love affair. He and his brother both fell in love with the same girl, the niece of an officer in the regular army,



WHY BILL BATES DIDN'T MARRY SUE PARKER.

WHILE UNDRESSING FOR A SWIM WITH A PARTY OF FRIENDS HE STIRS UP A HORNET'S NEST, AND MAKES SOME LIVELY TRACKS DOWN THE ROAD WHERE SUE AND A FEW FRIENDS ARE STROLLING; SAN BERNARDO, COL.

Frank's Progress.

Among applicants for a mission to the New York state bar, at Ithica, recently, was Frank Walworth, who was pardoned out of the state prison four years ago, where he was serving a sentence for the murder of his father, on the ground that his physical constitution had entirely broken down. Through strong influence, soon after his imprisonment, he was transferred to the insane asylum on the ground of insanity. He, however, was considered sufficiently sane to be allowed to wander at his will, and was frequently seen in the company of a gardener attached to the institution named Thompson, who to a considerable extent became his confidential friend. Thompson always smiled when spoken to in regard to the insanity of Walworth, and some very pretty verses

that the latter composed now and then bore out the idea that Thompson knew what he was smiling about.



CROW THAT FLIES-HIGH.

CELEBRATED SIOUX CHIEF, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED IN MANY BATTLES WITH THE PALE-FACES.



ALDERMAN BILLY MCMULLEN,

OF PHILADELPHIA—A NOTED SPORTING MAN AND POLITICIAN OF THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

A SIOUX INDIAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE KILLED GEN. GEO. A. CUSTER.

then stationed at Camp Douglas, Utah. Jack could hate as well as love, and he could make and keep a promise. He and his brother came to an agreement by which both men pledged themselves never again to see or speak to the young lady, the penalty for a violation of the

At Big Pine, Inyo county, Cal., a number of Indians got drunk. One of them finally got on his horse and threw a lasso over the neck of another called "Frank Hutch," dragging him some distance. "Hutch" was then held by one of the wretches while the other cut his throat.

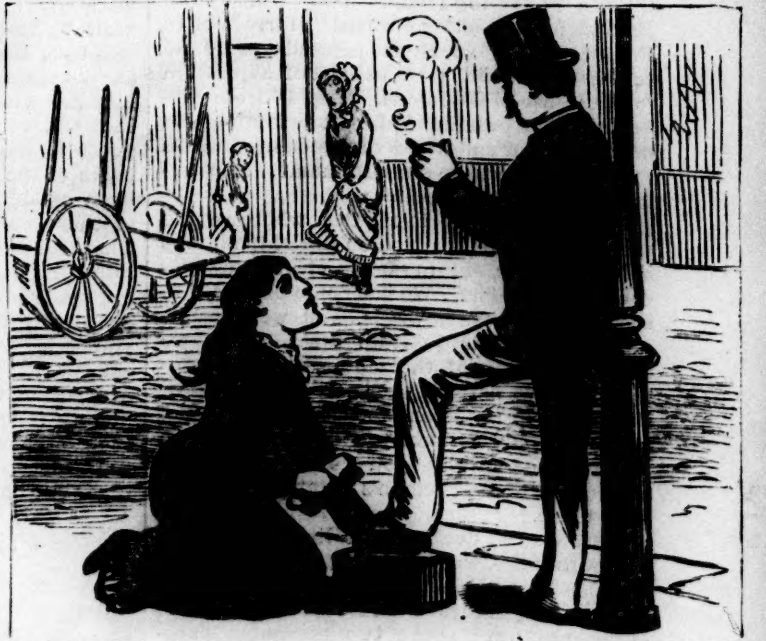


KIND ATTENTIONS NOT APPRECIATED.

AN ENRAGED HORSE SEIZES A YOUNG LADY BY THE DRESS AND GIVES HER A LIVELY SHAKE-UP; DAYTON, ILL.

contract being that the offender should die at the hands of the other. The brothers shook hands over the bargain, and each went his way. Six years after Jack sought out his brother, traveling over two thousand miles to do so. He told him quietly that he had broken his oath, and wanted the compact kept. The brother remonstrated, but Jack was as firm as adamant. He had forfeited a pledge, and was ready to die. The end of it was that the brothers met on the bank of the Platte River one lovely summer evening. Jack drew a heavy Derringer, cocked it, and handed it to his brother. The latter drew off a few paces, leveled the weapon, and looked once more at Jack. "I can't do it," he said. Finehart stood there, solitary, tall, his arms folded, and an expression of quiet melancholy on his handsome face. "I am ready," was his sole reply. The brother leveled the pistol, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack took one long, quiet look at it, and, seeing his brother about to fire again once more gazed at the river. Suddenly his brother raised his arm, and the deadly weapon whizzed through the air, and found a resting place beneath the turbulent waters of the rushing stream. Jack advanced in anger. "You are a perjurer," he said. "I would have killed you." And, disdaining the proffered hand of his brother, he strode rapidly away. The two never met again.

A sawdust peddler in Detroit got tired of life, took a dose of rat poison and died.



A NEW DEPARTURE.

SCENE ON ONE OF THE STREETS OF ST. LOUIS, MO.—A GIRL WHO IS FITTING HERSELF TO BE THE WIFE OF A MORMON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Why Bill Bates didn't Marry Sue Parker.

"I say, Jim," said Ned Dalton, as he poked up the camp-fire, "why didn't Bill Bates and Sue Parker get married? When I was at Snake Creek protracted meeting last spring, it sorter struck me that they was goin' to run the same brand."

"Well," said Jim Walker, as he pillowed his head on a saddle, "that was the general calculation, but it all got busted up on account of what happened at the fishery the Jones folks give down at their Spanish Camp on the San Bernardo."

"What, Bill didn't get on no hifalutin' bra-zoo, like he's allers doin', and stir up a row?" inquired Ned.

"No, it warn't that," replied Jim, "but it jest as well have been, 'cause Bate's predickment would've knocked any courtin' match high'n'er kite. You see, all ther gals from Damon's Mound and up along Turkey Creek wer' at the fishery and every body was havin'er hog-killin' time, but ther day was hot, and while Bill Bates was dancin' with Sue Parker every set, so as to keep her penned up from the rest of the boys, he got to sweatin' worser'n'er nigger at 'er 'lection. Bill knew when he got overheated, and so he asked two or three fellers who was loafin' round waitin' for the grub to be set out to go up the creek apiece and have a swim. They was willin', and when they got to 'er bend in ther creek a short distance from ther fishery, they commenced to shuck ther clothes. Bill, he pulled off everything, 'ceptin' his shirt, and then sot down on 'er log to cool off. Ther was'r yaller jackets' nest in ther log, and ther bulge of Bill Bates' anatomy was kiverin' the hole to the nest, and while Bill sot ther them yaller jackets held 'er convenshun or suthin' of ther kind and made up ther minds that they was going to raise ther blockade. I guess every body knows that you don't have to spit in 'er yaller jacket's eye to make them mad, 'cause ther insects is born mad and dies in ther same fix. While Bill was roosting on ther log, scratchin' and 'er coolin' of himself, ther yaller jackets riz in ther wrath, and Bill, he riz with 'em."

"They lifted him like a torpedor, and when he hit ther ground he was bleatin' louder'n er bull calf, and 'er hundred yaller jackets was up under his shirt, spurin' him in the flanks, and makin' him buck over the ground like an unbroke stud. He clawed at his shirt and yelled to the boys to come and help him knock ther darn things off, but the boys laid down behind logs and told him they warn't no d-n fools. Well, ther yaller-jackets kept poppin' ther spurs to him, fust on one side then on t'other, till Bill got sorter crazy, and he skeddaddled down the creek, headin' square for the fishery. Sue Parker, with 'er lot of other gals and 'er parcel of galoots, was down ther road picking blackberries, when they suddenly herd ther all-fireddest yellin' and snortin', and the next instant ther was Bill Bates gallopin' by 'em faster'n er scared coyote, and tryin' his level best to drag the only remainin' garment over his head. The gals weakened on ther fust glimpse, and made er break for the bush, screamin' and askin' what it was, kinder innocent like, and ther fellers who was gallantin' em turned sorter red in the face, and said they guessed somebody's horse broke loose somewhere up ther creek, and that they had better go and help catch ther anermul. Bill afterwards wrote to Sue explainin' how it all happened, but she said he had disgraced her in the community and she wouldn't have anything to do with him."

Floating Hells.

Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, daughter of Smith O'Brien, of "Young Ireland" fame, sends to an English paper a letter entitled "Horrors of an Emigrant Ship," which has created a profound sensation and will be the subject of a question in the House of Commons. Miss O'Brien visited Queenstown in order to examine the mode of life of emigrants on a steamer, which vessel, however, she does not name. The following are the main points:

"It is unnecessary to say that wherever the sacred foot of wealth trod on this ship all was gold and silver, shining brass, cleanliness, decency and comfort. We had come on board to see the emigrants, however, and were determined to see their quarters first. When we saw the quarters of the single men descriptions of slave ships flashed across me. Below this place our guide showed us a deep hole, saying, 'I could not take you down there, it is much worse than what you see.' But my business was with the women's quarters and we went there."

"Between two decks, better lighted than the men's quarters, was a larger space open from one side of the ship to the other. From either side of a long central walk to the outer walks of the ship were slung two enormous hammocks, one suspended about three feet from the floor. What was going on in two other hammocks above these I could not see, but I presume they were the same as those below. I suppose each of these hammocks carry about 100 persons. They were made of sail-cloth and, being suspended all around from hooks, were perfectly flat. Narrow strips of sail-cloth divide this great bed into berths. These strips of cloth, when the mattresses were out, formed

editions about 8 inches high. When the mattresses are in it must be almost on a level. Now in these beds lie hundreds of men and women. Any man who comes with a woman who is or calls herself his wife sleeps, as a matter of right, in the midst of hundreds of young women, who are compelled to live in his presence day and night. If they remove their clothing they must do it under his eyes. If they lie down to rest it must be beside him. It is a shame even to speak of these things, but to destroy such an evil it is necessary to look at these abodes of misery. In daylight, when open for inspection, they are empty, swept and garnished. But think of the scene in the darkness of night, the ship pitching in mid-ocean, a glimmering lamp or two making visible to you this moaning mass of humanity. Look at that young mother with two or three helpless babies in the agonies of seasickness, unable to move but over the prostrate bodies of her fellow-sufferers. Look at this innocent girl child lying among dissolute men and abandoned women, half stupefied with suffocation and seasickness. If she arises she must tread on the writhing bodies of men and women. This is no brutal or impure dream; it is truth. The ship on which I saw these things was supposed to carry in this manner 1,000 steerage passengers."

The Female Musketeers.

The bill conferring certain long-sought for rights on the gentle sex was killed in the Assembly last week, and at the risk of bringing down the vengeance of all the strong-minded women in the country, we freely admit that we are glad of it. At the rate that "wants" and "rights" increase each year among the self-constituted female leaders, there is no telling to what extent their ambitions will go. Suffrage, no taxation without representation, every man at home and abed at 10 o'clock P.M., and numerous other reforms have so far worried the souls of the dear ones, and still they are not satisfied. They keep on inventing more trouble. If one-half of their wants were gratified, "chaos would come again." Man, proud man, would be humbled most completely. His lordly prerogatives would be wrested from him. All those little amusements, such as playing soldier in a fancy uniform, getting "chock full" of bug juice, stuffing ballot boxes, etc., etc., will be usurped. On the first page of this issue our artist has sketched a scene which bids fair to be a reality in the not far distant future, if the signs of the times read aright.

Drunk, and Glad of it.

The return of the heated term has given an impetus to intemperance in this city, and rolling home in the morning is now a favorite pastime with all classes. Despite the labors of prohibitionists, intemperance is increasing, and to a certain extent it is now considered fashionable to get drunk. A few years ago it would have been considered highly improper in good society for a lady or gentleman to appear in public in a how-come-you-so condition. Now it does not excite any attention whatever, and the result is that intoxication in public places is very common. Last week a large party of members of swell society gathered in one of the fashionable uptown music gardens. Champagne and beer flowed freely, and as a consequence all got powerfully refreshed. One of the party, a noted man about town, got so full that he could not navigate and two "ladies" gallantly came to his rescue. They escorted him home with all the grace of old rounders. Verily this is becoming a fast, an exceedingly fast world.

Circus-Struck Beauties.

The daring feats performed by circus equestriennes have long been the wonder and admiration of lovers of the "greatest shows on earth." The risks the fair riders take in neck-and-back breaking do not seem to dampen the enthusiasm of aspirants for equestrienne honors. They long for the time to come when they will be able to thrill the souls of circus-goers by their grace and daring. In different parts of the country riding academies have been established, and many beautiful queens of the arena "to be" are under instruction. The founders of these schools are never at a loss for pupils, as circus-struck females are quite as plentiful as stage-struck ones. In the present issue is an illustration of a beautiful young lady, whose ambition for the arena has caused her to forsake home, friends and everything to become an equestrienne. Her history is a romantic one. She may yet live to realize that the plaudits and admiration of the public is a poor recompense for all the advantages she has sacrificed.

An Involuntary Baptism.

A young woman of Springfield, Mass., was determined to circumvent a young man whom she suspected of a desire to escort her home from the Baptist church social. The entertainment was held in the basement and she laid a plan to gain the audience room above by means of the stairs and to escape thence to the street while her would-be cavalier was preparing to pounce upon her at the basement door. All went well until a false step in the darkness sent her splashing into the baptistry, which had remained open from the previous Sunday. It is rumored that she has changed her views

on the subject of immersion and will join another denomination.

Vanity! Vanity!

Several weeks ago, says a Washington correspondent, a remarkably beautiful model was posing before the "life class" of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. She, as all the models are, was provided with a mask to hide her identity. She was posing as Psyche, when suddenly she fell forward in a faint. Her mask flew off and the students recognized the features as those of the widow of an ex-General in the Union army. She is possessed of a large fortune, but her vanity about her splendid figure induced her to appear as a model.

Where Will it Stop?

One by one man's prerogatives are being usurped by womankind. The latest venture by the fair sex is in the boot-blackening line. Last week a girl was seen in St. Louis blacking a young swell's boots. He seemed to think that he was chief figure in a very sensational event—and so he was. It is supposed that the girl was training to become the wife of some brute like her customer.

TWO FAMOUS INDIANS.

A Red-Skin Who Claims to Have Murdered General Custer—How the Savages Test Each Other's Pluck.

[With Portraits.]

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers this week the portraits of two of America's five greatest Indians. One enjoys the reputation of being known by name even to the ends of the earth, while the other is not much known outside of the United States; through no fault of his, however, for he has tried hard enough and his list of victims is nearly as large. Both are great chiefs, and are leaders in their tribes.

A few weeks since there appeared in the Cincinnati Enquirer a telegraphic account from a fort upon the Missouri River, to the effect that Rain-in-the-Face, a Sioux Indian, had, in a moment of anger, confessed that he had not only killed Gen. George A. Custer with his own hand, but that he had mutilated the body and taken from it the liver, which he ate while it was still warm.

If he really made this boast, he was mistaken or told a lie. Gen. Custer's body was not mutilated in the least, aside from the two bullet wounds that caused his death. It is pretty certain that Rain-in-the-Face killed Custer by shooting, as several Indians afterward told that they had witnessed the act, among them Curly, the Upsaroka scout, who went into the fight as one of Custer's guides and afterward escaped. Gen. Custer's bravery saved his body from being hacked to pieces.

Not far away from the General lay the body of his brother, Col. Tom Custer, horribly torn and mangled at the hands of the red demons. It may be that Rain-in-the-Face, after he shot Gen. Custer, became separated in the heat of battle from the body of his victim and returning soon after, went by mistake to Tom Custer. In the moment that he was gone the clothes, showing the difference in rank, had probably been stripped off them, and the two brothers resembling each other in features, Tom Custer was mistaken for the General.

Almost everybody knows that Rain-in-the-Face had sworn to kill Custer at the first opportunity, but very few know what caused him to take this oath. It was this:

In August, 1873, while Custer was upon the Yellowstone expedition, two men were one afternoon mysteriously killed by Indians. They were both unarmed, the veterinary surgeon of the Seventh Cavalry and the sutler. Dr. Houzinger, the former, was a corpulent old man, with very inoffensive and quiet habits, who was greatly respected by all who knew him. Mr. Baliran, the sutler, was also an old man and the doctor's great friend. They were in the habit of wandering away from the main body of the command, to pick up natural curiosities. Their bodies were found by the advance where they had been surprised by the Indians and killed. Dr. Houzinger's skull was fractured as with some blunt instrument, but neither of the bodies were mutilated.

Who had murdered them was a secret. It, however, came to light two years after in a very peculiar manner. When an Indian wishes to signalize any great event he has a "dance."

Some happening of sufficient importance caused the agency or "good Indians" to give a great dance in the winter of 1875, at Standing Rock Agency, upon the Missouri River, seventy miles below Fort Lincoln.

In the course of this dance a scout named Reynolds (afterward killed in the Little Big Horn fight) heard an Indian boasting of the number of lives he had taken and among them he mentioned killing two white men at a time.

Putting this and that together Reynolds found that the men spoken of were Dr. Houzinger and Mr. Baliran. To make sure he waited a few moments longer to hear the boastful red devil tell all the details of the cowardly murder, and finally he saw articles exhibited that he recognized as those once belonging to one of the murdered men.

That Indian was Rain-in-the-Face.

As soon as the story reached Custer's ears at Fort Lincoln, he immediately dispatched four

officers and a hundred men to Standing Rock to arrest the red braggart.

As Rain-in-the-Face ranks high with the Indians and is one of their bravest chiefs this was accomplished with great difficulty; but it ended by his being imprisoned in Fort Lincoln guard house. Gen. Custer sent for the Indian several times and interviewed him with the object of getting him to confess his crime.

During one of these meetings he really did admit that he was guilty and told the whole story of the murder. The guard house was an old frame building poorly constructed, so extra precaution had to be taken to hold the wily prisoner. He remained there several months, expecting every day to be taken out and hanged. In the meantime several citizens were confined in the same room with the Indian for stealing grain from the Government.

They, seeing how weak was the building in which they were imprisoned, studied up a plan to escape. One night they put their plan into execution and succeeded in cutting a hole in the side of the rear wall large enough to creep through and escaped.

Rain-in-the-Face, seeing the opening, also crawled through and was at liberty. He proceeded at once to the camp of the hostiles and in the spring sent word back by agency Indians that he had joined Sitting Bull and was awaiting a chance to kill Custer in revenge for his long imprisonment. That chance came, and to-day Rain-in-the-Face dares to go into a fort filled with U. S. soldiers and make his sickening brags.

He is known among all tribes as the bravest Indian of the Northwest, because not only of the number of whites that he has killed, but by his great powers of endurance.

The sun dance is held in the midst of summer when the heat is most intense. The warrior exposes his nude body as long as the pain can be borne to the burning rays of the sun, all the time rubbing his body with fine sand until the skin peels off, leaving the surface raw and bloody. Numerous tests are too horrible to mention and would require as much nerve to witness and describe as to participate in them. Visitors frequently faint away in the presence of the sickening details.

The most horrible of the many trials of endurance, and the one that very few can stand 15 minutes, is the one called the hanging test. A long gash is cut in the back, under the sinews of the shoulder blade, through which are run rawhide thongs. By these thongs an Indian is suspended from the limb of a tree or from a platform, erected for the purpose, until he begs to be taken down or the flesh breaks with his weight and lets him fall to the ground.

When Rain-in-the-Face made his attempt at the sun dance he won the popularity of several of the tribe. He was cut so deep that his own weight was insufficient to break the sinews. There, suspended between heaven and earth, he hung for four hours, going through the motion of dancing all the time, while blood poured from his wounds. Becoming faint by the great loss of blood, the judges decided to cut him down. This he objected to and not till the flesh gave way and let him down did he give up.

He now roams about on a reservation and is waiting another chance. There is too much devil in his make-up to remain quiet. He is proud of being called Sitting Bull's best man and must be doing something to sustain the reputation he already has.

Crow-that-Flies-High is another well known Sioux chief whose very word is a law to his people. He boasts of the scalps of two whites that he has taken in his younger days; but as he is now getting old he is a "heap good Indian," and eats Uncle Sam's rations as if he had never done anything else.

ALDERMAN BILLY McMULLEN,

Of Philadelphia—Statesman and Sportsman—An Exciting Career.

[With Portrait.]

In our gallery of sporting men this week will be found a picture of Alderman William McMullen of Philadelphia, noted sporting man and politician.

In considering the habits of any individual, one is not far wrong if he gives due thought and attention to the habits of his ancestors. In most instances love of sport, or, in fact, love or hatred of anything, is hereditary.

If a man comes of sporting stock, it is long odds that he displays in the flesh what is bred in the bone, sometime or other during his lifetime.

The subject of our present notice is an instance in point. The McMullens have been renowned for many generations for love of all kinds of sport, and William McMullen, like his predecessors, also became a shining star in the sporting firmament. He was born in Philadelphia, of Irish parents, and from youth he has been notorious in exciting scenes of daring and adventure. He joined the famous Moyamensing Hose Company, and his nerve, courage and pugnacious abilities soon made him so popular with the members that he was made the leader of the noted organization. In all the great fights at Philadelphia in which the Moyamensing engaged McMullen could always be seen leading his followers, and it was never "go on, boys," but "come, follow me."

He became a politician in Philadelphia, and

his assistance and influence was always sought after at every election campaign. He ran for Alderman and was elected, although his rivals did all they could to defeat him.

In nearly all the great prize fights McMullen has been either stakeholder or referee.

On June 13, 1867, at the great prize fight at Acquia Creek, Va., between Walter Jamison, better known as "Sam Collyer," and Barney Aaron, for \$2,000 and the championship of light-weights, McMullen was the referee.

It required a man with great courage and wonderful nerve to accept this position, as nearly three thousand persons were present, yelling, hooting and shouting like demons. It was a scene that will never be forgotten by those that witnessed the great battle fought in the sun when it was 104 in the shade.

During the plucky struggle at nearly every round McMullen was threatened by the murderous gangs composed of the "Blood Tubs," "Fontaine Wreckers," "Mash Market Plug Ugly's" from Baltimore, Md., who were bound to make their champion win either by "hook or by crook."

Philadelphia and New York gangs were equally as rough, but not quite so desperate as the Baltimore Thugs, who swore that Collyer should not even at the expense of life. Under these circumstances there was every indication of trouble. Collyer had whipped Barney Aaron at Pottick Landing, Va., and all the gangs from the South expected he would repeat his victory.

The fight was a desperate one. Collyer and his friends were disgusted when Aaron, to the surprise of all, adopted what they called at the time the "drop game." When Aaron got in a blow he would drop on his knees and, looking up in Collyer's face, would smile and put out his tongue.

This enraged Collyer so that once he shook his fists in Aaron's face and said in a tremulous and almost weeping voice:

"Why don't you stand up and fight me like a man?"

McMullen was repeatedly appealed to and English, a noted Baltimore rough, on whose face could be seen old knife wounds and bullet holes, repeatedly claimed foul and threatened to bore holes in McMullen if he did not decide in Collyer's favor. Aaron's tactics were foul. Like an old war horse, determined and defiant, stood McMullen, shouting "time" at the end of every round when 30 seconds would elapse.

On went the battle, while Joe Coburn, of New York, and Jim Dunne, of Brooklyn, Aaron's seconds, gave him every advice.

Aaron aimed his blows at his opponent's face, while Collyer put his work in on Aaron's ribs under the left arm. At the last round the two pugilists clinched and both fell over the ropes and the cry of foul was raised by Collyer's friends, who charged that his eyes had been poisoned by Aaron.

The Baltimore roughs, whose hands were hardened by the use of the bowie knife and revolver, swarmed round McMullen like a pack of voracious wolves, threatening to exterminate him if he did not decide foul. He knew no fear and decided Aaron the victor amid tremendous excitement.

In 1868, when Joe Coburn and Mike McCoolle were to have fought for \$10,000 at Cold Spring, Ind., Jimmy Elliott, the pugilist, attacked him on the train and threatened to shoot him, but friends interfered and prevented what might have been a tragedy, as Cooley Keyes, Jimmy Franklin and a large gang of McMullen's followers were on the train.

In the great match with Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Jim Mace, McMullen was the stakeholder. Like all public men he has a host of enemies. Several attempts have been made to kill him but he always escaped. Hugh Mara, a convict, shot him and came near sending him to kingdom come.

He still resides in Philadelphia and has made himself popular by many acts of benevolence. At the annual meeting of the Moya-mensing Hose Alderman McMullen is always the most prominent man.

A SPURIOUS NOBLEMAN IN CUSTODY.

[With Portrait.]

A fraudulent nobleman, who, under the name of the Marquis of Beresford and other titles, swindled tuft-hunting Americans all over the country, arrived from Utah last week in charge of Detective Bongerichten, who sailed with him to England. He was brought from that territory when a trial was pending for passing a forged draft, on a petition from the British Government demanding his extradition for forgery in London. Beresford walked out of the Salt Lake court-room while the extradition papers were being signed.

No sooner was his absence discovered than Marshal O'Shaughnessy leaped from a window of the court-house and offered \$500 reward for his recapture. One hundred men mounted horses, and, under the lead of Deputy Marshal Walton, recaptured the prisoner a few miles out of Salt Lake City. His arrest in that city was due wholly to the POLICE GAZETTE.

It's a mean man who, when he hears two men bluffing each other with, "I'll lick you for forty cents!" "I'll take your scalp for a nine-pence!" will step up and pay the money. It embarrasses the bluffer awfully.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A Husband and Father Elopes With a Widow—Circumstances that Brought to Light His Whereabouts After More Than 25 Years.

Some 30 years ago there lived in Brookfield, Mass., one William S. Prink, who was considered wealthy, though blessed with but little of this world's goods. He had a wife and 6 children whom he endeavored to care for, and, by the aid of the elder children's earnings, the family lived very comfortably.

Suddenly, from some unknown cause, Prink took a fancy to a young widow, and the pair eloped, Prink leaving his family of young children and his wife to the mercy of the world while he enjoyed life with the widow. He had been gone some time before his whereabouts were known, and then only by his daughter, to whom he had written a few letters from Williamstown, Mass.

After a time the letters ceased and nothing was heard from him until recently, when a strange combination of circumstances revealed his whereabouts. Twenty-five years had elapsed since his disappearance and during the latter portion of this period Mrs. Prink, now 73 years old, has been living with a married daughter.

Quite recently, however, the circumstances of the family were such that Mrs. Prink applied for assistance to the town of Brookfield, where the daughter's family resided. After a time the overseers of the poor determined to find out whether Mr. Prink was alive, and in the course of the hunt Natick was visited. On the assessor's books the name of Wm. S. Rice appears as a resident taxpayer for nearly twenty-five years. Mr. Griffin, one of the Brookfield overseers, became convinced that this was the person wanted. Taking a team to see this person, while on the road between Natick and Felchville, he met the party in question. In answer to a query he said his name was W. S. Rice and when asked if he was not in reality W. S. Prink, formerly of Brookfield, he was forced to admit it.

When told about his wife by Mr. Griffin he replied that he was poor and could do nothing for her. Thus was Prink, a citizen of Natick for 25 years, living with the woman he eloped with. She has borne him six children who are grown up and have married. The town of Natick is supporting the wife at Brookfield, but the overseers of the poor are to investigate the matter and find out if they are obliged to support her when W. S. Prink is not known to be a citizen of Natick, or whether, on the other hand, they must care for Mrs. Prink because the name of W. S. Rice is found upon the Natick register. Mr. Rice, or Prink, is a prominent member of the Methodist church.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

There is nothing so noble and touching as a really spontaneous act of generosity, after all. The other day a rough, careless looking stranger was walking up Mission street, near Sixth, in San Francisco, when he observed a lot of hoodlums clustered round the gate of a small farm-house, in front of which a poor woman was weeping bitterly surrounded by her terrified children. A scanty array of household goods on the pavement showed that it was a case of ejectment.

"What are you abusing that woman for?" demanded the "man from below," addressing an ill-favored individual who was carrying out the furniture.

"I ain't abusing her," growled the landlord; "she can't pay her rent, and I'm going to bounce the whole outfit, that's all."

"I've a good mind to bounce you," said the stranger, indignantly; "what's the amount she owes you?"

"Twenty-two dollars."

"Here, take it out of that," and the angry man took out his wallet and handed over a \$100 greenback.

The evictor respectfully turned over a receipt and the change. Forcing an additional "V" on the happy woman, the stranger walked rapidly away.

"Centric cuss, that," said the house-owner, looking after the philanthropist, musingly.

But the philanthropist said nothing until he turned the corner, when he murmured softly to himself, as he put on a little more pedestrian steam:

"It's no use talking—virtue is its own reward. I couldn't have got another such chance to work off that counterfeit in a year."

A MIXED DIVORCE CASE,

In Which a Famous Woman Figures—A Queer Matrimonial Muddle.

A remarkable divorce case is now occupying the courts of San Francisco. Harriet E. Kipp is complainant. She alleges that she was married to James Kipp September 1, 1876; that he compelled her to assume the name of King, and subsequently he failed to provide for her support and treated her with great cruelty. The defendant denies that he was ever married to the plaintiff at all, claiming that some one else personified him in the ceremony, and that therefore plaintiff's application for divorce falls to the ground, and with it the potency of allegations of cruelty and failure to

provide. The answer also declares that the woman has been twice married and twice divorced from another man, and declared the present suit to be simply a clumsy attempt at blackmailing.

Among the witnesses was Mrs. Laura D. Fair, who shot Crittendon, the lawyer, on the Oakland ferryboat several years ago. Mrs. Kipp had boarded at Mrs. Fair's house under the name of King, and Mrs. Fair testified she knew Kipp under no other name than King until one day when she went to the Recorder's office to collect his wife's board bill. She inquired for King, and when told that no such person worked there she declared she would investigate the attaches of the place, and one of the first employees she met was Kipp, who frankly owned up to an alias and handed over the coin.

Mrs. Fair was a saucy witness and defendant's counsel made nothing out of her. The chief testimony was by plaintiff, Harriet E. Kipp, who told the story of her marriage to Kipp, under the name of King. The ceremony was performed by a Justice of the Peace and one witness was present, who could not be found. Kipp urged her to keep the marriage secret as it would damage him with his relatives if it were known.

He then installed her in hired lodgings and paid frequent visits to her. Soon after he complained of being out of money. She was working in a shirt factory and paying her own expenses. He told her if he could get a divorce from her he would then marry her and introduce her to his family. He declared he had no money and she gave him jewelry worth \$200 to raise funds on which he appropriated to his own use. Judge Edmonds rendered a decision dismissing the suit.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Perplexing Problems for Statesmen—What is Worrying the Solons of Europe.

It is significant of the change that is passing over the European conceptions of life and morality that at the present moment nearly every legislature in Europe is more or less preoccupied with the marriage question. In Hungary they have just legalized the marriage of Jews and Christians and are discussing the introduction of obligatory civil marriage.

In Denmark the Folkething has been discussing the remarriage of divorced persons. In Spain the Sagasta ministry is busy about the re-establishment of civil marriages. M. Naquet's bill for legalizing divorces was defeated a short time ago by the French chamber, which is now called upon to deal with proposals legalizing the marriage of brothers-in-law with their sisters-in-law and the marriage of priests.

In Italy the divorce question has been before the legislature by a proposal to sanction divorce when either the husband or wife has been condemned to penal servitude for life, and to convert a legal separation into a divorce when 3 years in the case of childless marriages, or 5 years if there are children, have elapsed without a reconciliation after the judgment of separation was pronounced. It will be interesting to see how this proposal will be received by the Italian chamber.

PRaise INDEED.

Our celebrated contemporary, the *Dramatic News*, extended some kindly remarks to our gallery of Footlight Favorites last week. Among other pleasant things it observed, *apropos* of the recently published portrait of Miss Chester:

"The woodcut was a copy—and an excellent one, too, as all of its kind are—of a picture she had sat for to a photographer of extensive professional connections. There was a biography attached to it. For the past three years the POLICE GAZETTE has been printing a gallery of Footlight Favorites. This collection is liberal in its scope. It includes the most eminent actresses on the stage. The medium is esteemed a valuable one for advertising the profession in representations of the life of the stage in every form capable of publicity. The papers are displayed, open, at every newsstand, for it is by displaying their pictorial features that the public is induced to purchase them. Among the chief attractions of this latter sort are the portraits.

"We find in one issue a picture of Maggie Montclair, the Indian club champion, and in the next that of Clara Morris, as 'Miss Mutton,' followed by another star actress, and so on, or, as is often the case, a page of all sorts is served up together. These publications find their way to every hole and corner of the land and are viewed by thousands upon thousands. To these an actress' picture figures as an attraction."

Our contemporary knows what he is talking about. If anyone should be able to appreciate the value of advertising it is the editor of the *Dramatic News*. The GAZETTE possesses an advantage, however, not only in circulation, but in the fact that the advertisements our contemporary commends are without price; free to every lady of the profession who deserves them, from the obscurest ballet girl to the most effulgent star.

It is thought Polygamy can be broken up by sending the homely women to Utah and compelling the Mormons to marry them in lots.

A GALLANT KNIGHT.

An Ex-Governor of Massachusetts Involved in a Scandal with a Factory Girl.

A high-life scandal is causing considerable comment at East Hampton, Mass., the parties directly concerned being Lieut.-Gov. Horatio G. Knight and a female operative in the button shop of which he is manager. Gov. Knight is one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the town. Till recently he was president of the board of trustees of Williston Seminary, and he is now one of the trustees of Williams College. He is concerned in several business enterprises of the town, and has ranked high in the estimation of the townspeople. His mansion stands near that of the late Mr. Williston, and his face has always been prominent among the distinguished men who annually attend the commencements of the seminary. Several years ago he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State on the ticket with Gov. Rice, and since then his name has been more prominent than ever in the State. The woman with whom his name is now so pleasantly associated is Ella R. Carpenter, commonly known as Nellie Carpenter, a factory girl of attractive appearance but unsavory reputation. About a year ago rumors began to circulate about Governor Knight's improper intimacy with Miss Carpenter. The latter lived alone in a house on Main street, and the governor was said to visit her at all times of the day and night. Finally the matter became so much town talk that some of the officers of the Payson Congregational Church, of which Mr. Knight is a prominent member, called on the governor to put him on his guard. He immediately confessed that he had been indiscreet, and promised to be more careful. He said that some time before he had heard that some of the girls in the button-shop were going to the bad, and, calling them into his office, he had given them good advice. In this way he had become interested in Miss Carpenter. He claimed that his motives were pure, and that he was guilty of nothing immoral. The officers of the church let the matter drop here; but Gov. Knight's actions since then have forced them to take more and decided action. They held a meeting and formulated their charges against him. A committee was appointed and given power to call a meeting soon, to take action on the matter. Gov. Knight will be expected to attend this meeting and defend himself. He is now away on a business trip in the west. He has written to the church officers asking that the matter may be allowed to rest for the present, saying that he can explain every thing.

AGAIN ON THE WAR PATH.

Sarah Jane Phillips, confined at Mountain Home, Ark., charged with murdering her husband, has broken jail and escaped. The crime laid at her door was committed over a year ago when she was living in an isolated locality in Searcy county, in that State. The couple had lived unhappily, quarrels being frequent. One morning she went to an adjoining town and reported that on the night previous a band of disguised men had surrounded the cabin at midnight, battered down the door and murdered her husband.

Her statement was verified, as to the murder, by a party returning to the house with her and finding Phillips lying on the bed, his head crushed in by blows from an axe and his body horribly mutilated, presenting a sickening appearance. Mrs. Phillips was arrested shortly afterward on suspicion and though there was no positive proof against her, the evidence of presumptive guilt was generally considered strong enough to hang her or to send her to State prison for life.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Fort Branch, Indiana, was excited last week when Mr. Jasper Douglas, a bachelor and prominent citizen of that town, brought home a bride. From a confession by Mr. Douglas, it appears that he sat by his lonely fireside one night recently reflecting upon the loves of his youth. The old rhyme came to him:

"Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders and
Cooks her own dinners.

"Charlotte and Susan and Hattie,
Mary, Jane, Lucy and Maggie;
Four are married and plump, two
Maiden and scraggy."

He was sad at heart, and before he went to sleep that night he mailed to a Chicago paper an advertisement for a wife. The most kind response and the prettiest picture came from Stormville, Miss., and thither Mr. Douglas went for his lady-love. The courtship lasted twenty-four hours.

TEMPERANCE IN CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati is struggling with a Sunday liquor law which requires the closing of all drinking places on that day. It seems to work on the same plan as that adopted by the son of an old Connecticut church deacon. He was always telling the boy to avoid the appearance of evil. To oblige the old man the son used to go to the rear door and go in and take his nips. He said he was just as anxious as anybody to avoid the appearance of evil, but so far as the evil itself was concerned he didn't care a copper.



DRUNK AS A "BILED OWL"—AND GLAD OF IT.

THE HIGHLY-INTERESTING SCENE IN WHICH THREE REPRESENTATIVES OF "OUR BEST SOCIETY" FIGURED AT A FASHIONABLE MUSIC HALL IN NEW YORK CITY.



BAPTIZED AGAINST HER WILL.

AN ACCIDENT THAT BEFELL A YOUNG LADY WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM A CHURCH FESTIVAL "UNBEKNOWNST" TO THE FELLOW WHO WANTED TO "SEE HER HOME;" SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



VANITY! VANITY! ALL IS VANITY!

THE WIFE OF AN EX-UNION GENERAL, PROUD OF HER SHAPE, WHILE POSING AS AN ARTIST'S MODEL FALLS IN A FAINT AND DISCLOSES HER IDENTITY; WASHINGTON, D. C.



BELLES OF THE SAWDUST ARENA.

THE LATEST CRAZE AMONG ADVENTUREOUS DAMSELS WITH A HANKERING AFTER THE EXCITEMENT AND PERILS OF CIRCUS LIFE.
SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN AN EQUESTRIENNE'S CAREER.

AMERICAN PRIZE RING

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes---Great Fistic Encoun-
ters Between Pugilists of
the Past and Present.

The Great Battles Between the Giants
of the Arena in 1868-1869.

Interesting Records of the Fistic Heroes
of the Past.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE.

The next great battle after the Wormald and O'Baldwin fight at Lynnfield, Mass., was the battle between C. Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott. They agreed to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring for \$600. The fight was decided at Peach Island, near Detroit, on Nov. 12, 1868. Unusual interest was manifested in the affair, owing to the fact that both pugilists had gained great glory in the prize ring. An immense crowd left Cleveland, New York and Detroit to witness the mill. Betting was decidedly in favor of Elliott.

Elliott's esquires were Tom Allen and Dan Barron; Gallagher having the services of John Mackey and Denny Monahan. The referee was Jim Colbert.

Elliott was awarded first blood in the inaugural round and had the best of the hitting all through, but his blows were less forcible than those given by his opponent and he resorted to the discreditable practice of dropping as soon as he had landed an effective blow or got into dangerous places.

In the 16th round it was alleged that he gouged Gallagher, who himself appealed to the referee in the 17th, and as he was talking Elliott rushed up and struck him heavily on the neck. Gallagher returned the compliment and they clinched, fell together and Elliott is said to have again gouged Gallagher, but the appeal was not heeded.

The balance of the rounds were of a scrambling kind, Gallagher being withdrawn at the end of the 23d, because, as Mackey said, he had no chance to win. Elliott was then declared the winner. The fight was a disgraceful affair and Gallagher was robbed of the battle.

On Dec. 10, 1868, John Lafferty defeated Jim Bayton, opposite the mouth of the Little Miami, Ky., for \$300 a side after 17 rounds had been fought in 39 minutes.

On December 17, 1868, Fred Bussey, a noted Chicago pugilist who had whipped Andy Duffy, of New Orleans, arranged a match with Tom, alias Soap, McAlpine. The battle was fought at Lansing Station, Ind. Bussey was seconded by Ed. Burns and Keese, Jerry Donovan and Ed. Monahan esquiring McAlpine. Dick Hollywood was referee. The fight was a determined one and when Bussey was in a fair way of winning Hollywood decided against him because of a foul blow delivered in the 75th round. The fight lasted 1 hour and 15 minutes.

After this battle sporting men around New York were greatly excited over a match which had been arranged between Pete Maguire, of San Francisco, and Abe Hicken, for \$2,000. Hicken was one of the cleverest pugilists in England and to-day he is able to beat any pugilist of his weight in the world.

The pugilists fought at one hundred and thirty-four pounds at Perryville, Cecil county, Md., in the fall of 1868. Hicken was esquired by Barney Aaron and Patsy Meally; Maguire by Mike Coburn and Owney Geoghegan. Referee, Mr. York. From the fame acquired by Hicken through his achievements in the British ring, and the favorable impression created by his exhibitions on the mimic stage since his arrival in this country, great expectations had been formed of him; but the manner in which he performed in this engagement caused no little disappointment to his admirers. To the surprise of all, Maguire, who assumed the offensive, had the best of the fighting, Abe exhibiting a shyness which had not been anticipated, and which, considering his great reputation as a fighter and the advantage he was supposed to possess over his opponent, did him no credit. He obtained first blood in the opening round, but this was counter-balanced by an award of the first knock-down to Maguire, from a pile-driver in the middle of the head, which made Abe see more stars than he ever gazed upon in the heavens, it being also gained in the first round, which occupied fifteen minutes, a long time having been spent in sparring.

The second round lasted six minutes, and was ended by both going down; the third occupied fourteen, the fourth twelve, and the fifth three minutes, the fighting being nearly all done in Hicken's corner, and the round ending by Hicken administering the double on the jaw, and then at once getting down. Upon Maguire being taken to his corner it was found that his jaw had been fractured in two places, and being unable to continue, the sponge was elevated in token of his defeat and

Hicken was declared the winner, the fighting having lasted 50 minutes.

A rough gang invaded Philadelphia the day before the battle and at the very ring side Haggerty of Philadelphia, who was killed at the corner of Broadway and Houston street by William Varley, alias Reddy the Blacksmith, since dead, tried to run matters. At one time during the fight he held a revolver on one of the spectator's shoulders and tried to shoot Owney Geoghegan, but the latter was on the alert and discovered the business. Geoghegan would have killed Haggerty but for outside parties' interference.

The great battle between Hicken and Maguire was the last fought in 1868. In 1869 pugilism was all the rage, especially in the West, the participants in which were Mike McCoolle, Tom Allen, Charley Gallagher and Bill Davis; while in the East considerable of a stir was occasioned in the early fall by the advent of the celebrated ex-champion of England, the accomplished Jem Mace, who landed upon our shores in the month of September, in company with his cousin, Pooley. Mace had been induced to visit the new world, partly by the glowing accounts he had heard from those who had preceded him, and partly because pugilism was so "dead" in England that his occupation was gone. He was immediately engaged by the proprietors of Tammany Hall, New York, where he appeared nightly for some weeks, giving his Grecian Statues, and subsequently in a set-to with Pooley.

The ball pugilistique was set in motion by an engagement between Tom Allen, of England, and Bill Davis, of Belfast, Ireland, at Chateau Island, near the Mound City, to fight for \$1,000 a side. Allen had fought several good men before bidding adieu to England and possessed an enviable reputation for ability and game-ness. His height is 5 feet 10 1-4 inches, and his fighting weight about 162 pounds. He had resided in St. Louis for some time, having opened a public house there and made a number of friends; consequently, as his record as a pugilist was excellent he had no difficulty in getting backers. He was waited upon by Tom Kelly, of England, and Billy Ryan, the seconds of Davis being Mike McCoolle and Bill Blake. Bill Collins filled the position of referee. Odds of 2 to 1 were offered upon Allen around the ring prior to the commencement of the battle, but this state of the betting market was changed considerably by the good display made by the "old un" in the first and second rounds, he gaining first blood in the former and sending Allen to grass in the other by a poultee on the jugular. This thoroughly woke Allen up and he went in with greater vim, rapidly bringing the betting around to its original rate, for such decided superiority did he show that after the 6th round it was regarded a sure thing for him, unless accident intervened to prevent his victory. Bill Davis was knocked about like a shuttle-cock, sustaining frightful punishment and giving scarcely any in return; but he continued to face the music manfully, though his seconds urged him to give in, until the forty-third round, when he received a settler, and Allen was proclaimed the winner. It was a very hollow affair for Allen, and his stock rose greatly in consequence of the great ability he had exhibited.

On Jan. 16, 1869, Pat McHurley carried too many guns for Jack Furman in a fight for \$200 a side, which came off near Narrowsburg, Pa., it being ended by a foul in the 41st round, time 1 hour 50 minutes.

Mike Donovan, of Chicago, now of this city, and Jack Boyne, the "Terror of the Northwest," fought at Tipton, Ind., for \$600. It was a well-contested battle in the opening round but it came to an unsatisfactory conclusion in the 23d round, the stakes being awarded to Donovan because of a foul committed by his opponent. Time, 33 minutes.

At Wasatch, Utah, down among the Mormon settlement, Patsy Marley figured as a principal in the roped arena, his antagonist being Pat McDermott and the fight for \$200. Only 7 rounds were required to show Mac that he had met his master.

On Feb. 23, 1869, Charley Gallagher, of Canada, and Tom Allen decided by a contest with nature's weapons which of the twain was entitled to \$2,000, a match for that amount having been arranged between the two soon after Tom's victory over Bill Davis. The fight lasted for 3 minutes and there was great growling, as many believed there was something in regard to the affair that was crooked and that Allen did not desire to win.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FIENDISH outrage occurred last week near Burton, West Va. A young married man named McMaisters and his wife had retired at about 10 o'clock to their bed and about midnight they were awakened by the door being broken open and the house entered by four men, two of whom took hold of him and the other two took hold of his wife. They hurried the husband out of the house and placed him in such a position that he had a full view of what was going on.

After they had perfectly secured him so as not to interfere with their fiendish intents, they turned their attention to the wife and in turn each outraged her in the most horrible manner, and this, too, in full view of her husband, who was almost frantic but helpless to go to her rescue.

ECCENTRIC TANTRUMS.

A BANGOR jury, returning a verdict of \$150.-62½, is said to have been divided for two hours on the half cent.

A CINCINNATI milliner is suing for a breach of promise a whilom admirer of 50, who pleads the objection of his parents to the match.

A PHILADELPHIA boy made \$120 in two days by taking worthless checks for small sums to grocers, each with a forged note from one of that particular grocer's best customers asking for the cash as a favor.

THE Washington police have really discovered and closed a gambling room; but it was in the same building with the Police Headquarters, and the doors and windows were boldly left open to the street.

A CHICAGO man handed his wife \$300 in bills last week, to be put in a safe place. Having one handful of papers she intended to burn and the money in the other, she threw the bills into the fire and has been bilious ever since.

Two colored policemen at Chattanooga, Tenn., arrested Albert Savald for drunkenness, and when he attempted to run away fired five shots at him, with fatal effect. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree.

A MISCREANT gave a little girl in Dennison, Ohio, two railroad torpedoes, telling her they contained candies, and that she must open them with a stone. The child tried one of them, and the torpedo burst and destroyed her sight.

THE dying victim of a Chicago shooting affray drew a photograph from his pocket, and indicated by signs, for he could not speak, that it was a portrait of his murderer. Acting on this information the police soon found the right man.

J. HAHN, of Spades, Ind., was so affected by his wife's desertion of him that he tried to cast himself under a locomotive but was prevented. He then built a large bonfire and when it was well ablaze walked into it and was burned to a cinder.

THE statute of Wisconsin makes incurable insanity of five years standing, on the part of either husband or wife, a proper ground for divorce. The law provides for a thorough examination into the mental condition of defendants in such cases.

A RESIDENT of Anne Arundel county, Md., while being shaved in a Baltimore barber's shop on Wednesday, suddenly jumped from the chair, thinking that his team was running away, and had his nose nearly cut off by the razor in the hand of the barber.

A FRENCH abbe, fifteen years ago one of the most popular pulpit orators in Montreal, committed a crime while drunk. The only witness turned the event to account by blackmailing the clergyman, who submitted a while to the extortion, but finally fled to this country. Late-ly he returned to Montreal, confessed his own guilt and exposed the blackmailer.

HEYMAN found out that his wife was in love with Stevens, at Bellaire, O., and announced a determination to slay him. Arming himself with a big revolver, he sought Stevens in a public place and fired at him once. As if he was scared by the sound of the first shot, the avenger dropped the weapon and fled. Hours afterward he was discovered hiding in a hay-mow.

A YOUNG couple of South Bend, Ind., who got married recently against their parents' wishes and partly against their own also, called to pay their respects to the bridegroom's mother the other evening, and were met with a kettle of hot water. The boy now threatens to have the old lady arrested for an assault, and there is likely to be some lively sport come out of the matter yet.

ST. LOUIS pickpockets are no respecters of persons. Two of them robbed Judge Walker, of the Illinois Supreme Court, of \$300 a few days ago. They were very polite in assisting him into a railroad car, and one of them even kindly carried his traveling bag and placed it on a seat for him, and was profusely thanked for his civility. The loss of the pocket-book was not discovered until later.

A PRISONER in the Hartford county, Conn., jail was overheard by a keeper instructing another in the best modes of escape. "Get a club or iron bar for defense," he said, "and if a watchman interferes, strike him on top of the head--mind this, strike him on top of his head; this will settle him down, and you can handle him; it will not kill him. But if you strike him on the temple or back of the head it may kill him."

THERE is a lady in Calhoun county, Ill., who, although 70 years old, has recently married her sixth husband. Her last deceased husband was named Race and the man she has just married is named Farris. A romantic feature of her last matrimonial venture is that Mr. Farris was her first love, but cruel fate intervened and prevented their union. All of her dead husbands are buried in the family graveyard upon the farm on which she resides.

THE Rev. O. M. Cousens, said in a sermon at Portland, Me., that every member of his congregation was a "cider guzzler," and is to be tried for it by his Conference. A revivalist

gave almost as much offense at Fairfield, Iowa. He said it was frivolous for women to wear feathers in their hats, whereupon two girls left the house with feathers flying. The preacher called after them. "This is God's granary; there goes the chaff; thank God the wheat remains."

MRS. DRESBACH died from poison, at Lancaster, O., seven years ago. Her husband was not suspected of the murder. Emily Montgomery, a pretty girl of the same neighborhood, recently got married. Before the honeymoon was over, her husband discovered in her trunk a bundle of old letters written to her by Dresbach. In one of them Dresbach expressed a wish that his wife would die. On this clue a case has been worked up against him, and he is in jail awaiting trial.

At Bethel, Giles county, Tenn., B. A. Christopher rode to a field where John Daniel was plowing and called him to the fence. As Daniel approached, Christopher shot him five times, each shot taking effect. The wounded man called to his daughter to bring his gun to him, but by the time she reached him he was dead. Christopher's horse got loose and stopped near Daniel's door. He sent two men to get it, but Daniel's daughter drove them away by threatening to shoot them. She tried to kill her father's murderer, but he escaped.

THE London Referee says: "Much sympathy is felt in aristocratic circles for a young nobleman of limited means whose wife has been losing heavily at play and giving I O U's for very considerable amounts. Matters coming to a crisis, the I O U's were presented to him, and for his wife's sake he did not repudiate them. Gambling among ladies is terribly on the increase; and as people who gamble generally fly to drink, I am not surprised to hear a fashionable physician declare that drinking habits among ladies are spreading rapidly."

MISS LEACHMAN, of New Albany, Ind., felt insulted because Oscar Rosenbaum said she was no lady, and decided to refute his charge by cowhiding him. She armed herself with a heavy whip, managed to encounter her victim in a public place, and laid the lash across his face savagely. He hesitated to strike a woman and her exploit would have been an entire victory had it not been for her brother, who had been hiding close by in case of need. He inadvertently exposed himself, and was thrashed by Rosenbaum so thoroughly that he had to be carried to a hospital.

A few days ago a Chinaman went to San Francisco to be treated for a large tumor on the neck; directly under the chin. He was taken by his friends to a Chinaman who pretended to have a practical knowledge of medicine and surgery, and who guaranteed to cure him for \$50. The pretended physician, after looking at the tumor, called for a razor, and without delay made a long, deep gash in the excrecence, cutting entirely through it and through the throat of his patient, severing the carotid artery. The patient expired almost instantly. The "doctor," thoroughly frightened at the awful result of his operation, fled, and has not been arrested.

SEVERAL weeks ago, according to a Cincinnati dispatch, a young woman who had recently arrived in that city murdered her baby by stabbing it thirteen times with a clumsy knife. Her lover, Karl Siebert, was the only witness. She was committed for trial, and the testimony of the man relied upon to convict her. On the evening of April 7th the officials were persuaded by urgent solicitations to allow the couple to be married, and the ceremony was performed in the office of the prosecuting attorney. It now appears that the marriage was a shrewd device of the woman's lawyer to which he resorted to save his client from the gallows, for by the Ohio law a husband cannot be forced to testify against his wife, and as Siebert was the only witness of the murder his testimony was considered essential to the prosecution. The dispatch says that a *nolle prosequi* will be entered and the woman released from jail.

REV. GEORGE W. WITFORD, formerly a Moravian minister, and now an agent of the American Tract Society, was arrested at Austin, Tex., the other day, on a charge of rape. The complaint was sworn out by Mrs. Moore, wife of one of Witford's hands, employed to fence in a tract of land. The complaint alleges that the act was committed on the 16th of last July. Since that time Moore's and Witford's families have been on intimate terms and exceedingly friendly. Moore is from Pennsylvania and in January last made up his mind to go back. He quit the service of Witford, sold his household goods and has been preparing to leave. A few weeks ago he informed Witford he did not have the necessary funds to pay his passage and desired him to make up the amount. He refused, and Saturday last Moore approached Witford's brother and informed him of the rape, and intimated that for a money consideration he would keep it quiet. Witford, who had just returned from a three weeks' tour, was informed of what Moore had said, and sent him word that if he heard of it again he would have him arrested for blackmailing. Early Monday Mrs. Moore swore out the complaint in Georgetown, the crime having been committed in Williamson county. Witford is a married man and has been living in Austin 8 years. He stands high among all who know him. Moore's efforts are believed to be for the purpose of blackmailing.

PRINCE RUDOLPH'S CAPERS.

Why a Royal Bride Would Not Shake Hands With Her "Hubby"—Night Rambles for Lecherous Purposes.

The recent marriage of the Crown Prince of Austria to Princess Stephanie has set gossip tongues wagging over the characteristics of the young couple and some very unpleasant allegations have been made against the royal bridegroom.

On the night of the marriage a number of Austrians met in this city and celebrated the event by a banquet. When warmed up with wine some of the feasters indulged in the most sublime twaddle concerning the purity of morals, the divine goodness and tender-heartedness of the young prince. Finally their feelings became worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm over Rudolph that they sent him a gushing letter of congratulation. The letter was signed by four or five well known Austrian citizens. The next day they received a letter condemning their action, which read as follows:

"You have organized a demonstration which awakens the greatest surprise among the thousands of Austrians in this city. You, yourselves naturalized Americans, by assembling to demonstrate your attachment to the House of Austria, you become guilty of treason to the country of your adoption, you break the oath by which you forswear all allegiance to foreign princes and potentates. But that is not so much the point. If you wished to express sympathy with your old fatherland, why did you wait until this notorious young rake, who has never respected the virtue of our women, takes to himself a wife? Did not this very wife, while yet his betrothed, refuse to shake hands with him on one occasion because of a scandalous matter in which he was involved? And it is in honor of such a rascal that you give a banquet?"

This communication, to use a current expression, "raised the old Harry" in the Austrian colony and recriminations were passed with charming liberality.

Rudolph's reputation in Vienna is far from immaculate, and the number of girls he has ruined in one portion of the city alone is said to be legion. In company with a nephew of the late Prince Windischgratz he would prowl incognito at night around the Neubau and Mariahilf quarters of Vienna and there would mislead school girls and daughters of bourgeois families. He has also been known to spend much money on the notorious procuresses of Leopold Stadt. In short, his morals seem to have been of the very worst, and they were not even mitigated by good nature or kindly disposition. Thus two of his victims who became mothers and were repudiated by their friends are said to have starved to death, the Prince having refused them the smallest pecuniary compensation.

The scandalous affair referred to in the above letter occurred while the Prince was in Brussels six months ago. Like many young men of his age—he is only twenty-one years old—he fell in love with a married woman, the Marchioness de Pedemonte, who was almost old enough to be his mother. But her thirty-six summers had not lessened her charms. On the contrary, they had only taught her to use them with greater effect.

One evening at the Theatre de la Monnaie the Prince managed to evade the jealous eye of the Marquis and to drop a note into the fair one's hand. He soon received an answer, and a glowing one, to boot. A rendezvous was decided on between the two for a day on which the Marquis would be absent hunting with the King (of Belgium). However, the hunting party had hardly set out when the latter was taken sick, and so all the members returned home. When the Marquis entered his wife's apartment an hour later, he found her Excellency and the young Prince there in loving *tele-a-tele*. Thereupon, considering the circumstances to be suspicious, Pedemonte lost his temper and proceeded to assist his unwelcome visitor to make an exit decidedly more hasty than dignified. That same evening the injured husband was called upon by an aide-de-camp of the King and induced to observe a discreet silence in the matter. But, despite this, it somehow leaked out and soon became the general theme. And that is why Stephanie refused to shake hands with her intended spouse. And it may rationally account for her tears at the wedding.

HOW SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.

A Plan for Working up Business that Beats the Chromo Dodge.

Paterson, in the somewhat quaint State of New Jersey, has turned up a brewer who appears to have thought it a good stroke of business to go around kissing people to get their patronage for his beer. It was not a bad idea, but the one-sided fellow had a way of always selecting his women customers and he got into trouble. The discrimination wasn't such a bad thing but any kind of a discrimination has its drawbacks and is almost certain to be exposed in time.

How many customers this funny man made by his peculiar process—which, fortunately for brewers and other business men, has not been patented—can never be known unless he tells it himself, and no man with the genius to

kiss more than one woman is fool enough to tell of it. Like most men who undertake too much in this way, however, the Paterson man finally kissed the wrong woman, or rather, he kissed the right woman in the wrong way, for he failed to make her understand the kind of business that his kisses meant.

While he presumed that he was kissing her time after time for the sole purpose of enabling him to sell more beer, she presumed he was kissing her with a matrimonial purpose. This unfortunate misunderstanding led to a suit for breach of promise in which the lady has been awarded damages to the amount of \$8,377. It was a very neat mathematical calculation of the jury which enabled them to fix on this sum, but it covers the whole ground. The Paterson brewer will probably find some other thing than kisses to offer as a premium along with his beer. He ought to try the chromo plan of the tea stores.

A FEARFUL FALL.

From Wealth and Social Position to Ruin and Disgrace—A Seducer's Narrow Escape From a Father's Vengeance.

A very sad drama closed in Cleveland on Monday last by the incarceration of an unfortunate woman in the Northern Ohio Insane Asylum by order of Probate Judge Tilden. Some eight or nine years ago the victim was married. She was then a brilliant, handsome young lady, a graduate of a fashionable Ohio seminary. Her husband was in business of his own, but subsequently adopted the vocation of a commercial traveler. The pair lived in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, but subsequently returned to Cleveland and purchased a residence on the west side. In the meantime two children had been added to the family. About this time her parents in Summit county received information from her daughter that her marriage had not been a happy one. The next step was an application for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and non-support, which was commenced last January. Meanwhile the wife had been living on Euclid avenue in apartments, and had been making arrangements to go into a business. Suddenly she was taken seriously sick, and her parents in Summit county were sent for. The old couple came to the city, and then heard a terrible story from the lips of their daughter, who was in the first stages of insanity. She confessed that she had illicit relations with a man who holds a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment, on Superior street, and had, in consequence, become enceinte; and to hide the proof of her guilt she had an abortion performed. The father sought the physician who had been attending his daughter. The doctor denied that any unlawful treatment had been practiced, and added that his patient had been taking horse-back exercise for some time before. The old gentleman sought the man who had compassed his daughter's ruin, but failed to find him at his place of business. A day or two afterward the dry-goods man called at the house to see his paramour. The father went out of the house to purchase a revolver, but thought better of it and returned. He then stepped into another room and requested his wife to send the man to him. The dry-goods man complied, and found himself face to face with the father. The colloquy was very brief. The old man, sixty years of age, but hale and hearty, sprang on the seducer and bore him to the ground. The struggle was desperate, the old man striving to strangle him. Finally the father's strength began to give way, and the young man disengaged himself and sprang through the window, breaking sash and window lights, and alighting on a lower roof, scrambled to the ground, with his face and hands cut and bleeding, and made his escape. The excitement attending the fight intensified the nervous excitement of the unfortunate woman, who was lying sick in another room. Last week Judge Tilden held an inquiry, and decided that she should be removed to the Insane Asylum.

"YUBA DAM!"

A Wedding Indefinitely Postponed—The Egoist Bride and Her Dandy Bride-Groom.

With one of his arrows for a goose-quill Cupid has written for the San Francisco papers an account of a unique wedding that occurred there last week. A dandy employee in the United States Mint was accepted by a madcap daughter of a respectable citizen for the purpose of revenge. The wedding hour was fixed for Monday evening of last week and a number of guests, all of whom understood the hoax about to be played, met in good time. A white-haired old gentleman consented to act as clergyman and the ceremony was performed in a dim light in the back parlor. As the dandy groom turned to salute his bride the latter threw away a close veil and a blonde wig and disclosed the features and moustache of the dandy's fiery little rival, a fighting fellow who, if necessary, could act the part of mother-in-law as well as bogus bride. The guests threw up their hands in feigned amazement and some of the madcap's fair friends seemed to faint. As for the shocked and angered groom, he slammed the front door after him, muttering: "Yuba dam!"—which, by the way, is the name of a California town.

AT A WEDDING.

A Detective Attending a "Swell" Ceremony—His Reasons For Being There—Gawgaws Which Tempt the Cupidity of the Curled Darlings of Fashion.

A New York detective, who is often employed to attend "swell" weddings to guard the presents, and who is said to be "just too sweet" when in full evening dress, thus discourses of his experience at such places: "The first thing I do when I go to a reception is to take a look through the house up and down stairs in order to acquaint myself with the different rooms as well as with the position of valuable articles. For this reason I go a short time before the guests are expected. While the guests are arriving I usually stand in the hall to watch them as they enter. I am very apt to know a professional thief by his face. Where the presents are very numerous and valuable I generally have the smaller ones, such as the diamonds and other jewelry which a person could pocket and carry away readily, put on a table by themselves. Then I take a seat near them. I am supposed, by the most of those who see me, to be a guest. If anybody guesses otherwise, I am content they should have their opinion. I inform myself about the presents, and when guests come up to inspect them, they naturally fall to talking to express their admiration. I am able to tell them about the presents. One guest, therefore, sees me talking with another, and he is not likely to remark that I remain in one part of the room all the afternoon or evening. If I sat still and said nothing, I would soon become an object of notice. I have never been compelled to make an arrest at a reception, although I have attended many dozens of them, nor have I ever seen an attempt to steal a valuable present. If a professional thief gets into the assembly by chance, he probably knows what my presence means, and if anybody else has any designs on the presents he discovers after a time that they are never left alone."

Stories are told by detectives of ladies, whose families are of the highest respectability, whom they have pointed out to the givers of entertainments as having stolen valuable presents. In several cases related to the reporter the valuables were recovered under threats of arrest, and scandals resulted. In others, the host was unwilling to make accusations, preferring to avoid the scandal that would follow an exposure. In one case a lady fainted when she was accused. She would not confess, and she was not searched, but it was afterward said a diamond ring was returned by her father, an action which the detective who told the story criticised as inexcusably simple on the father's part, if he had in view merely the reputation of his daughter.

It is said that several series of thefts have been committed by young men so fascinated with society life that they lived beyond their means, and at last were driven by what appeared to them necessity to steal.

A FUNNY "AFFAIR OF HONOR."

Challenges By Telegraph—Insults Over the Wires That Wound Up in a Fistic Duel By Moonlight.

A remarkable affair of honor took place at Gastonia, between Charlotte and Columbia, S. C., last week. The novel feature of the affair is that the insult and challenge were both given and the hostile cartel accepted by telegraph, and the combatants were both telegraph operators.

More than two years ago Reginald de Febre, a well-known telegraph operator at Charlotte, in an irritable moment received an insult from John Cove, an operator at Greenville, S. C. Though the two men had never seen each other, de Febre could not forget the insult. He has been considered one of the best-natured men in the telegraph service, and was noted for the evenness of his temper under the most trying circumstances. He never lost his good humor when receiving press, and no matter how late the special correspondents kept him up he smoked his inevitable cigar and ticked away. But the Greenville insult was too much for him. It has so happened that this month there has been more than the usual amount of telegraphing going on between Greenville and Charlotte, and de Febre and Cove have had to talk repeatedly. On Saturday they broke out into bickering, and pretty soon the instruments were clicking hot words, and the deadly insult was given and received.

"Will you meet me and give me satisfaction?" clicked de Febre.

"I will," was the curt dot-and-dash message.

"Where?"

"On the half-way ground. The passenger trains meet at Gastonia. I will meet you there."

The arrangements were completed for a meeting, and the two telegraph operators in new dusters got off the train at Gastonia. They bowed frigidly to each other, and left for the hotel accompanied by friends. It was decided that instead of the pistol duel practice the parties should meet in an old field and settle the difference in man-to-man fashion by a square stand-up-and-knock-down contest. In order to prevent interference the hour fixed

for the meeting was 1 o'clock in the morning. The moon was shining brightly when the two men, accompanied by seconds, met on the field. De Febre was a light-weight, while Cove turned the scales at 170. After a close contest the heavy-weight told and the Charlotte man was beaten. It was a hard fight, and the men were badly punished. No arrests.

A HEAD WANTED.

Decapitating a Dead Man to Prove Certain Points in a Will Case.

Albert Smith, a sexton at the Gallipolis, O., cemetery, in passing the grave of the late Wesley Martindale, discovered that it had been tampered with, and a further examination revealed the fact that the dirt had been, some time in the night, thrown out. The plate over the face-plate of the coffin was unscrewed, the glass smashed in, and Mr. Martindale's head cut off and carried away, after which the grave was refilled and an effort made to make it appear undisturbed. The news spread rapidly, and the excitement over the affair was great. In this connection it is proper to state as explanatory that a law suit of great interest is in progress over the Martindale estate, which amounts to probably \$30,000. Martindale married about two years ago. He had had epilepsy, so pronounced, at intervals before marriage. Notwithstanding his wife was heir to his estate, he before death made a will leaving her the whole of it. After his death his relatives, two brothers and a sister, brought suit to set aside his marriage contract on the grounds of his incapacity to make a marriage contract. The suit is to be heard in court the 30th inst., and both parties, the wife and relatives, are getting ready for trial. Last week the plaintiff's made application to the coroner and the prosecuting attorney to have the body examined, claiming that his disease was not epilepsy, but a syphilitic that had produced a tumor on the brain, which, pressing it, had produced insanity, from which he had no lucid intervals, and was not in his right mind from the time of his first attack, and that he had not been treated properly, but that the treatment he had received had hastened his death. The request for an exhuming of the body was not granted by either the coroner or prosecuting attorney, and it was the intention of the plaintiff to have endeavored to get a permitting order from the court, when the head was taken, as above stated.

SCANDAL AMONG THE SAINTS.

A Father Refused Permission to Marry the Mother of His Child.

A scandal, involving some prominent members of the church of Latter-Day saints, in Salt Lake City, has recently become public, involving a well known bishop and an elder who married the bishop's daughter.

The story is that the elder, who married some time ago and has several children, had in his family a servant girl, with whom he got on terms of criminal intimacy and finally in a delicate condition. His wife, who is an estimable woman and the innocent sufferer in the case, grew suspicious and her suspicions were soon confirmed by her husband sending the servant to Ogden. She was subsequently sent for to return and being confronted by the wife and accused of the charge did not deny it, and the wife then informed her father, the bishop, of the affair.

The latter, it is said, was desirous that his son-in-law should marry the servant girl and thus legalize his act, and with this proposition the wife concurred.

Her husband thereupon went to John Taylor and, stating the case, asked for his permission to make the woman his second wife, but the head of the church declined, saying that that thing was done in Brigham Young's days but it could not be done now, and that he would give his consent to no marriage which was intended to hide a woman's sin.

This decision did not suit the father-in-law of the would-be plural bridegroom and he now says that his daughter must leave her husband or take the consequence, which is dishonor. As the old man put up the money for the establishment occupied by the couple and was likely to do still more for them, it leaves the parties in a bad fix all around.

And of such is the kingdom of God on this earth!

POOR OLD BROWN.

The famous divorce case of Brown vs. Brown is on trial at Crawfordsville, Ind., before Judge Palmer, of the Clinton circuit court. Brown is a superannuated Methodist preacher and very old. The divorce is asked for by his wife, who has been separated from him for a long time, in order to keep him from falling heir to her property, of which she has considerable. Mrs. Brown in her complaint charges the Reverend gentleman with things it would make a savage blush to repeat and of the most outrageous cruelty both to herself and the children.

He would go away and attend protracted meetings, leaving her to attend to all the stock in cold winter weather, until her health failed her and she left him and went to live with her daughter. There is a gigantic array of testimony against him and how he will overcome it remains to be seen.



GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

CHAMPION TELEGRAPH MESSENGER BOY OF AMERICA.

Tragic Sparking.

One of the most singular affairs on record occurred a few days since at Farmington, a town a short distance from Milwaukee, Wis. A young man of that place, named Greese-man, has for some time been paying attention to a daughter of a wealthy farmer, named Lizzie Kelly. His attentions were disapproved by the parents of the girl, and the young people's courtship was, consequently, made very unpleasant. Last week Greese-man received a note from his sweetheart desiring him to call at her house. Arriving at the house, in compliance with a previously arranged plan, he placed a ladder against the wall and climbed to Miss Kelly's window. His lady love came to the window upon the proper signal being given and they talked together for a time, when Greese-man descended the ladder, followed by Miss Kelly, and the two went to a straw-stack. What transpired is best told in Greese-man's language:

"We both sat down by the straw-stack, Lizzie on my lap. I had my arms around her. Then we talked about what we intended to do. I asked her if she was going with me. She answered yes several times. I do not remember all the conversation. She said once that

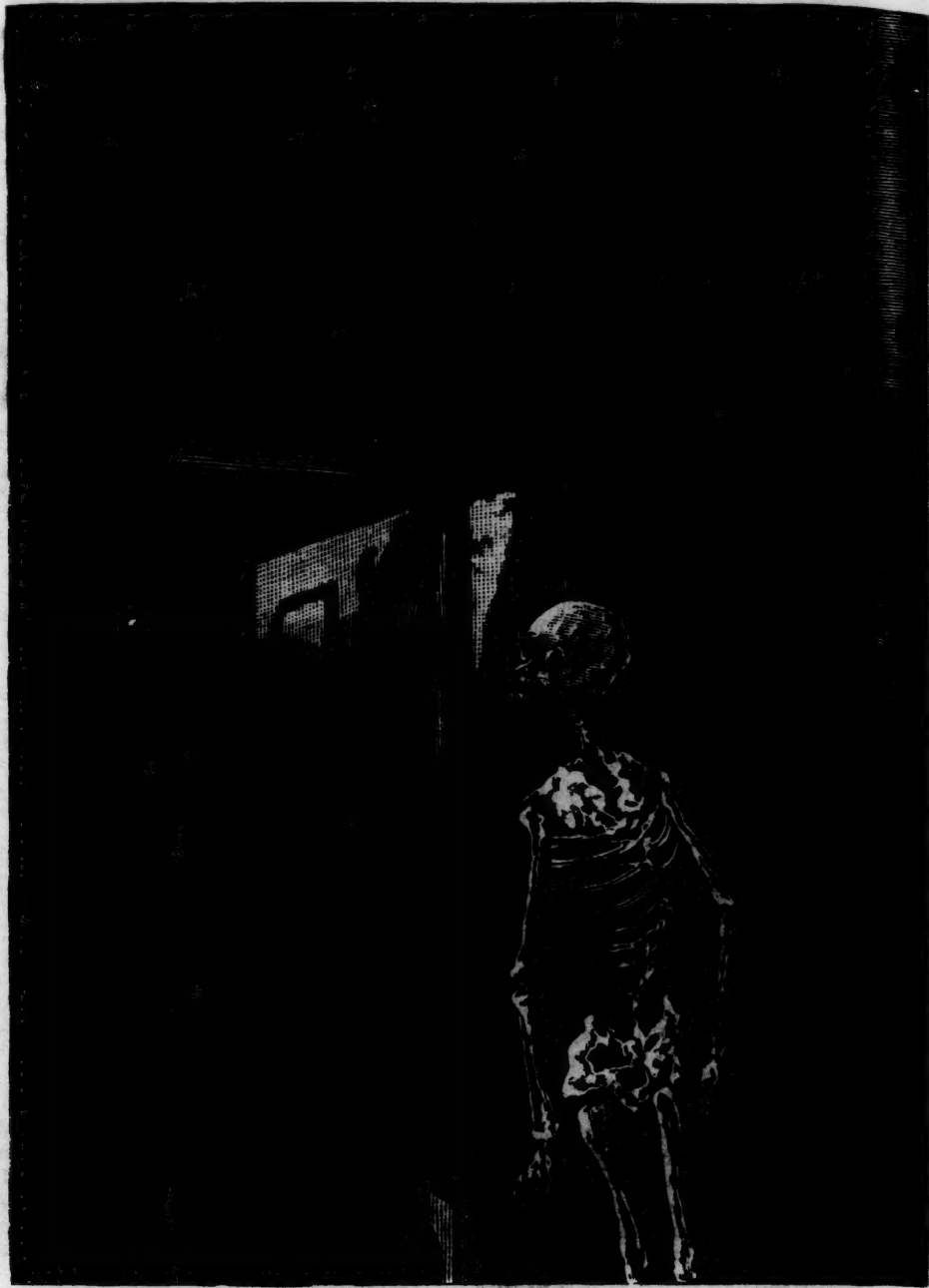
she could not go and leave her parents. I told her she need not; that we could go off and get married, and her parents would forgive us. I said I knew they would; but she knew they would not. Finally I asked her if she was going with me or not, but she said she could not go and leave her parents. 'Just think how my heart beats to think of it,' she said. Her heart was then beating so I could hear it. I held my head against her breast, and could feel it beating like a triphammer. Then there was silence for some time. I then told her that she had written for me to come and promised to go with me, and she ought to go. She at that time had her hands in her lap, as far as I can remember. She made a move with her hands in some way that caused a scratching sound on her dress like a pin would. I asked her what was in her hand? She said, 'Nothing but a pin.' While this was transpiring she unbuttoned my overcoat from my neck. I asked her what she was doing, and she said, 'I am only unbuttoning your coat.' I thought she wanted to get closer to me. The next thing I remember was a sensation in my throat as if some one was sticking a pin in it. This was the first sensation. I was lying back on the straw. The next sensation was that some one was sticking some sharp instrument into my throat. I then thought she was trying to take my life. All this transpired in a second. While she was in the act of doing this, I do not know whether she laughed or chuckled over it, as if it gave her satisfaction. I grasped her hand as soon as I felt the cut, and I am positive she held a razor in her hand. As quick as I got hold of the razor I jumped on my feet and she had hold of the razor too, and started back, maybe five feet. Then I broke the handle. I don't remember whether I left the razor in her hand or whether I threw it down. I started for the road, got over the fence and went west. I think I cried 'Oh God! Oh God!' a good many times. As quick as I started it seemed to me there was somebody else around, but I did not see anyone. When we went out the dog went with us, but when we got to the stack the dog left us and went to the fence three or four rods from us. The girl called the dog back. After a while the dog started in another direction toward the fence, and she called him again, and this impressed me that there was someone near the fence. When I got into the road I thought I had better keep still or they would follow me and kill me outright. When I started away the girl stood by the straw-stack and looked at me, but she did nothing, and when I last saw her she was standing there."

The Kellys have been interviewed. The old lady was for telling the whole story, but the father ordered the girl to say nothing. However, the old lady hinted enough to give suspicion that the girl had confessed to have been



AN EMBRACE THAT MEANT DEATH.

HOW LIZZIE KELLY SERVED A LOVER WHO TRIED TO RUIN HER—SPARKING THAT WAS MORE TRAGIC THAN ROMANTIC; FARMINGTON, WIS.



BOUNCED BY A SKELETON.

"WHO'S DAT? GO WAY DAR!"—THE NOVEL YET HIDEOUS WAY IN WHICH A LANDLORD GOT RID OF SOME OBJECTIONABLE TENANTS; LOUISVILLE, KY.

betrayed by Greese-man, and for this and other things it is believed by many that the girl did the deed, thinking that he would die and a case of suicide be proven.

A Skeleton as Constable.

A Louisville, Ky., landlord adopted a novel yet hideous way of getting rid of some hard tenants. Occupying one of his houses in an alley, where most of the population was colored, were Charles Everhart and his wife Caroline. The latter, it seems, is a regular vixen and for nearly two years has been a burden to the community, but most so to Mr. Nolt, the owner of the house in which the Everharts live, because of the fact that this couple persistently refused to pay rent, and resorted to all manner of means to defraud Nolt of his just dues. Mr. Nolt and his son have made every effort to get them to pay, and failing to do so next undertook to get them out of the house, but the Everharts could not be induced to vacate unless compelled to do so by legal process.

On the 8th inst. their lease expired and the Everharts refused to leave, and then Nolt's sons concluded to try a new plan.

They had a young friend whose uncle was a doctor in life and there was a weird skeleton in a chest at this youth's home that had not been used for a long time. This the boys put into a piece of carpet and carried beside the house occupied by the Everharts, when the oldest and stoutest of the Nolt boys climbed to the roof and silently slipped along the roof till he reached the rear of the house and was over the back door, which was the door to the room where Everhart and his wife slept.

The boy on the roof had hold of a wire attached to the skeleton below, and another on the ground rapped violently on the door and ran around the corner.

Everhart and wife sat inside and shouted, "Who's dat?" but did not move. Finally the boy slipped up again and rapped, when the old woman got up hurriedly and opened the door and the boy on the roof dangled the skeleton rapidly. This was sufficient. She slammed the door to with a fearful crash, but by the time she did so Everhart had fallen over all the chairs in the house and was at the front door. The woman screamed with horror and was almost paralyzed with fright, but finally recovered sufficiently to get to the front door and into the street.

Meantime the boys had shifted the skeleton around to the side of the house and in a few minutes all the negroes in the vicinity were in the front part of the house talking about the incident, when one big fat woman declared that she did not believe the yarn and would go back to see for herself.

Just as she reached the back door and open-

ed it young Nolt let the skeleton fall into the door again, and, jerking it violently, caused a stampede never to be forgotten on Hahn street.

When the back door was finally closed again the negroes seized articles of furniture, bedding, etc., until the last article in the house was removed to the street. When this was done the Nolt boys who were on the ground put in an appearance as if they had just heard of the ghost and, after locking the house up, secured their constable and went home well satisfied. The event caused quite a sensation in the neighborhood and was the cause of a great deal of amusement when fully explained.

George Griffiths, Champion Messenger Boy, and Five-Mile Runner.

George Griffiths, the subject of this sketch, is Messenger 398 of the Mutual District Messenger Company of this city. He is well known among the fraternity of messenger boys, bootblacks and newsboys as the champion five-mile boy runner of America. In his possession he has four medals won at races last season at Communipaw, Wood's Athletic Grounds, Williamsburgh, Chatham Garden.



"LORD" BERESFORD.

BOGUS NOBLEMAN; EXTRADITED TO ENGLAND ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY.

this city, and the Scottish Athletic Grounds. At Communipaw he made five miles in 34 minutes, the fastest five-mile run by a boy runner on record; in this race he came in first out of sixteen competitors. At Williamsburgh he came in first on a ten-mile run against eight competitors, and at Chatham Garden twenty miles, and the Scottish-American Grounds five miles the same. He also occupied sixth place in a match in which the celebrated Hughes, the "Lepper," took part. He is now employed by the Mutual District Messenger Company of this city, and stationed at District 35, 1,209 Broadway, where since April 1st he has run over 700 calls, every one being a race with an American District messenger and out of that number he hasn't lost a single call. He is seventeen years of age and is known as "Georgie, the Eighth Ward News Boy." He is the most valuable messenger of the company, and his phenomenal racing qualities as he distances the American District messengers, makes him the observed of all observers.

Horrible, If True.

If the lady teachers of the Oneida Community are of the character indicated by a Utica paper, they are well up in slang. Some three hundred of them attended an institute at Rome last week. Some of them were of the strong-minded kind, others cheerful and gay and others slangy and flirty.

While not in the Institute some of them were out on the avenue taking a promenade. It was while they were enjoying that recreation that a couple met two young men, one of whom walked up to the young women and said:

"How are you, pard?"

The young woman said: "Cheese your racket, for we can't tarry."

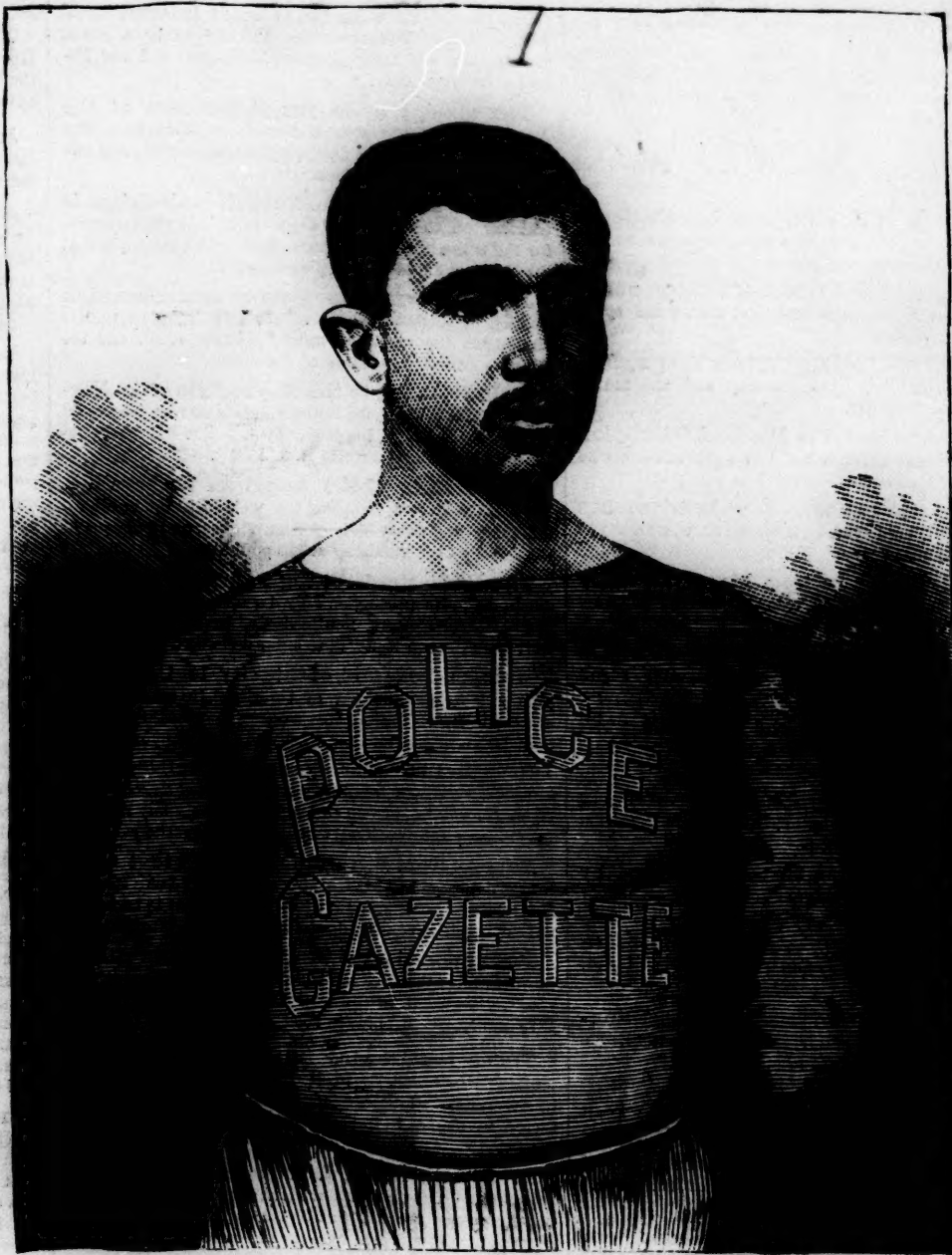
Some of the young ladies in Rome are experts in the use of slang. Two young ladies walking between the Academy and Washington street were heard to use the following expressions:

"I told him to get and he got. Oh, I had the boss time, but the old folks tumbled to the racket and I had to shake him."

No. 2. "Say, did you see me catch on to-day? I told him that this dice was a little off for spring. I gave him an awful gag on the Utica chap. I am afraid my new hat is gone up the spout."

Utilizing Dog Power.

The recent great floods along the Mississippi river caused many thrilling adventures



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

JOHN COX.

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S ENTRY IN THE O'LEARY BELT, SIX-DAY GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE, AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 23.

Photographed by John Wood, 238 Bowery, New York.

her of amusement hunters one night last week with her entrancing strains, when she met an accident that put her singing apparatus all out of tune, to say nothing of several bruises on her delicate frame. She was doing one of her prettiest trills when she felt something giving way, and before she realized what it was, she was doubled up in the stage trap. Whether some one played the trick upon her beneath the stage, or the fastening broke which held it in place is not known.

The Embroidered Night Shirt.

Strange things have come to pass in an up-town household. A young married man who had occasion to go away a few days since on "business," and remained over night must have felt delightfully sheepish by the remark of his wife on his return: "Since when has your night shirt become embroidered, Jimmie darling?" He felt nervous and edgy, and inwardly cursed his stupidity in making the mistake. You would have been amused to have heard his apologetic reply to the endearing interrogation of his sweet deary. But she would not accept it, and cooled the young man wonderfully by saying: "Jimmie, that is entirely too diaphanous."

Caught Dead to Rights.

Another scandal is now agitating the people of Battle Creek, Mich. Frank W. Hall, a milk dealer, has for some time past suspected that his wife, to whom he was married recently, was conducting herself improperly and associating with a livery man named Chas. Moore, who, there was good reason to suppose, had been keeping her as a mistress.

Hall's wife left him not long ago and his suspicions having been still more aroused he devised a neat little scheme. One night early in the week he and two officers entered Moore's room, where the faithless wife and her paramour were found in bed together. They were taken by surprise and on being discovered offered resistance to the officers, who arrested both on a charge of adultery.

It is alleged that Hall's wife went wrong at the instigation of Moore and that her marriage to Hall was only a scheme to secure property, which proved a failure. She was arrested on complaint of her husband and her paramour on complaint of his wife, both charged with the same offense. The evidence against them is conclusive and both are held in the sum of \$600 each. The parties implicated are familiar characters and the case has excited much interest.



A HIGH C NOTE BUSTED.

A SERIO-COMIC SINGER WHILE WARBLING A DITTY STEPS ON THE STAGE TRAP AND IS SERVED AS DEPICTED ABOVE; LEADVILLE, COL.



THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

IT DISCLOSED SOME FACTS NOT CONDUCTIVE TO THE HAPPINESS OF A FAMILY—A QUEER MISTAKE; NEW YORK CITY.

among the people who live near that turgid stream. Houses were laid waste, and great damage was done by the overflow, and those who stayed behind in the hope of saving their possessions, did so at the risk of their lives. At a place near Carroll, Ill., two young ladies effected their escape in a novel manner. They owned two large Newfoundland dogs. When the water surrounded their dwelling they hastily constructed a raft, hitched the dogs to it, and were towed by them to a place of safety. It was a thrilling voyage, and one which the girls do not care to repeat.

Not in the Programme.

A charming serio-comic singer in one of the Leadville variety halls was delighting the souls of a goodly num-



UTILIZING DOG POWER TO A GOOD PURPOSE.

HOW TWO YOUNG LADIES ESCAPED FROM A WATERY GRAVE DURING THE RECENT OVERFLOW OF THE MISSISSIPPI; NEAR CARROLL, ILL.

John Cox, the Police Gazette's Entry in the O'Leary Belt Race.

In the International six-day go-as-you-please race at Madison Square Garden, under the management of Daniel O'Leary, among the entries are John Cox, the POLICE GAZETTE'S entry. He was born Nov. 21, 1859, at Union City, Pa. He stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 142 lbs. He has started in twenty-three races and won twenty prizes amounting to \$3,000. Cox's last race was in the American Institute for the International O'Leary championship belt which was won by the pedestrian entered by the POLICE GAZETTE. In this race Cox made 120 miles the first day, 100 the second day, and retired through sickness after covering 452 miles in 112 hours.

Sporting News

THE "KEY"

To the Picture of the Great

HEENAN AND SAYERS CONTEST

Will be presented FREE with No. 193, issued Friday, May 27. Purchasers of this number of the POLICE GAZETTE should see that they are supplied with the Supplement FREE OF COST. Newsdealers are requested to send their orders for extra supplies of No. 193 without delay to their news companies.

HAZEL's best score in a 6-day race is 500 miles.

THE Ohio circuit will begin at Xenia, Ohio, June 8.

THE St. Louis Hotel stakes are at the mercy of Arizona.

J. H. WEBB is now the manager of the Gaities at Denver.

RECENTLY Edwards defeated Tom Wills after wrestling 5 hours.

It is said Plaisted recently rowed 2 miles on Toronto Bay in 13m.

At Pittsburg, Pa., Evan Morris is training to row Wallace Ross.

G. SLOSSON, the ex-champion billiard player, has sailed for Europe.

A RACE between Courtney and Morris is a possibility this season.

W. E. SMITH intends to row Wallace Ross for \$1,000 on Bedford Basin.

THE Cornell College crew do not go to England as a champion crew.

MYERS will be accompanied to England on the 21st by Tom McEwen.

MILTON YOUNG's Longtime, b. c., by Melbourne, Jr., has broken down.

At New York, in the Ennis six-day pedestrian race, Geldert covered 501 miles.

FERNCLIFFE is as sound as he can be, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

THE Burnham and Thomas stables have not come up to expectations thus far.

SWIGERT, the Kentucky horseman, will sell his stock and retire from the turf.

THE Schuylkill navy has altered the date of its regatta from June 11 to June 18.

THE Cleveland Base Ball club expect to win the base ball championship pennant.

At Chicago efforts are being made to arrange a cushion carom billiard tournament.

HUGHES did not beat the record in the Ennis walk. That knee bothered him again.

THE Worcester is the only base ball club that won the first four games of the season.

NICHOLS, one of the Rockford base ball club, has been engaged by the Chicago club.

GEORGE MASON, of England, desires to run any man in the world 50 miles for \$500.

NEVADAVILLE, Col., boasts of a Cornish wrestler who offers to wrestle any man for \$500.

In England when Robert the Devil and Bend Or again meet there will be great excitement.

M. YOUNG has bagged his share of the honor with Bonnie Scotland thus far this season.

YALE has decided to row all races with Harvard for the next 5 years at New London, Conn.

HINDOO, Charley Gorham and Mrs. Chubbs will represent the East at the Louisville race meeting.

HALIFAX, N. S., advises says Warren S. Smith is going to England to row for the sportsman's new cup.

At Saratoga, N. Y., the hotel keepers are trying to raise a purse for Trickett and Hanlan to row for.

CAPT. WEBB and Wm. Bockwith are matched to swim a 6-day race for \$2,000 in England next summer.

At Midland, Mich., James Brink defeated Lester L. Burton in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match.

ROBERT the Devil won his first race this year, a biennial stake, 2 miles and 105 yards, in the easiest of canters.

CHARLEY GREENLAND, of Bristol, and Tom Tilling are arranging a match to fight for £100 in England.

BANCROFT is undoubtedly all that he has been represented and will assuredly make things hum at St. Louis.

IROQUOIS is the fastest 3-year-old in England. With proper preparation it is thought he can beat Peregrine.

In spite of their boasting about retaining the base ball championship, the Chicago are not favored for first position.

THE New York and Staten Island Athletic Clubs' four-oared shell race will take place on the Kill von Kull, May 28.

DOEGAN, the catcher of the Metropolitan base ball club, broke his finger while engaged in a game with the Athletics.

THE Elmira Driving Park Association has decided to change its purse No. 1, of \$400, from the 2:22 to the 2:21 class.

AFTER winning a heat in fast time, Monday, at Hunting Park half-mile track, the son of Blue Bell fell dead on the track.

THE proposed Policemen's regatta on the Harlem River has now a sufficient number of oarsmen to ensure its success.

At New York a Lacrosse match between Harvard and Columbia Colleges was won by the former. Score, 4 goals to 0.

GEORGE TAYLOR, the colored light-weight pugilist, says he is ready to fight Jimmy Kelly any time for a purse of \$200.

At Gilroy, Cal., Pratt of Merced, Cal., defeated Charles Williams in a 50-yard running race for \$500. Time 4:12 sec.

PANCHOT, we are authorized to state, will not be a competitor in the next race for the Astley belt in England next month.

THE chestnut mare Grange Girl has been sold by John Clark, of Northfield, Va., to Mr. Pollard, of Baltimore, for \$2,000.

TOMMY MONK, of Birmingham, has challenged Charley Hipkiss, the feather-weight champion, at 110 pounds, for £100 a side.

In the Nashville and Lexington races neither Lelex, Banter nor Bramballetta have shown the speed they are said to possess.

WAHLSTROM has accepted Albert Frey's challenge for the 15-ball pool championship and the match will doubtless be arranged.

VAUGHN is now styled in England "champion long-distance walker of the world." We did not know he ever contended for the title.

GALE, the great endurance pedestrian, has arrived from England. Pedestrian contests of Gale's type will not be patronized here.

MONROE CHIEF is getting his preparatory work over the Janesville, Wis., track under the personal supervision of Mr. Longley.

THE Leviathan-Irene race for \$1,000 a side is now announced positively to take place on May 18, at Belmont Park, Philadelphia.

At Chicago, Ill., Faber, the POLICE GAZETTE entry, on the second day covered 111 miles, making a wonderful second day record.

THE proposed pacing race at Beacon Park, between the pacers Mattie Hunter, Lucy, Ben Hamilton and others, has been postponed.

At Jerome Park Nelson's stable, trained by John Hyland, is strong in two-year-olds, some of whom will make their mark this season.

THE Cornell University crew may decide to visit the Danube on their way home from the Henley regatta, to row in the Vienna regatta.

DR. CARVER having vanquished the best English shots at trap shooting, it is now proposed to bring a man from South Africa to beat him.

ROWELL had a lively go-as-you-please back to England. He went from Sandy Hook to Roche's Point in 7 days 13 hours and 11 minutes.

JOHN RENFORTH, aged 22, and a brother of the late James Renforth, was the winner of the recent handicap regatta on the Tyne, Eng.

At Lexington Dwyer Brothers' Hindoo won the Blue Ribbon stakes, running 1:12 miles in 2:38, with Getaway second and Bend Or third.

THE entries for the Astley Belt will close on the 23d inst. America will be represented by Weston, Albert and Hart. The race will begin June 23.

DR. HORTON, of Middleton, Conn., has sent to Home Farm Beatrice, the dam of Milton, a smuggler colt, for which \$5,000 has been offered and refused.

HART is desirous of making amends for his fiasco of last February, so he will enter for the Astley belt. If Hart is well, Weston will not even be second.

THE single-scutt race between McKay and Conley for \$1,000 has been finally arranged to take place on the 16th of June, on the Bedford Basin, Halifax.

In the O'Leary six-day heel-and-toe walk at Chicago, Harriman in 72 hours, lacking 25 seconds, completed 300 miles, which is the fastest time on record.

THE English team of cricketers, who leave Canada for Australia in September, are negotiating with Hanlan, the champion oarsman, to accompany them.

HAMPTON, Iowa, offers \$1,700 for a meeting June 9, 10 and 11. The classes are the 3, 2:50, 2:43, 2:37 and 2:33, free for all, and running, half mile and mile.

At Bergman Point, N. J., W. M. Hammond, and C. G. Howard, shot at 50 birds each, 30 yards rise, for \$100. Hammond won, knocking over 32 to Howard's 22.

In the regatta of the Schuylkill Navy, at Philadelphia, on the 18th of June, the Pennsylvania University will compete in the eight-oared and the four-oared races.

THE people of Victoria, B. C., are very bitter against their oarsman, Cotford, whom they charge with having "sold" his race with Stevenson, the Vallejo (Cal.) sculler.

At Bergen Point, N. J., Col. Butler won the pigeon-shooting match for the champion cup of the New York Gun Club. He defeated Dunleavy, killing 18 out of 25 birds.

FRANK WHITE, the noted feather-weight, who recently fought Kilgus, is to be tendered a benefit at Wendell's Hall, 44th street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.

THE Columbia College four will row in the Passaic regatta and also in the Harlem regatta of June 4, when the eight-oared crew of the college will also compete.

F. C. ARNOLD and Meredith Bailey shot at 100 birds, the latter being allowed ten dead birds. Arnold shot at 30 yards' rise and Bailey at 20 yards. Bailey shot 71, Arnold 64.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN has sent to England for Jimmy Highland and Harry Evans, two noted pugilists, who are to appear at his sporting house. See our advertising columns.

THE victory of Bend Or in the City and Suburban won for his owner 6,300 sovereigns, deducting his own stakes of 100 sovs., 200 sovs. due to the second and 100 to the third.

A D SPATCH from San Francisco says St. Julien and Santa Claus and the young horse Overman started overland in a special car on Monday. They are both in fine condition.

THE "Key" to the picture of the great Heenan-Sayers fight will be presented with next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Dealers should send their orders for extra copies at once.

In a handicap race with many competitors on the Tyne River, England, recently, John Renforth won easily. He is only 22 years old, and never before rowed in a regatta.

S. F. EDWARDS, one of the victims who was injured by the gallery falling at Madison Square Garden during the Astley belt contest, has recovered \$1,500 damages from Vanderbilt.

THE 6-day race for the O'Leary International belt, at Madison Square Garden, promises to be a grand struggle between Albert, Hazael, Littlewood and the POLICE GAZETTE's entry.

THE six-day go-as-you-please race at the American Institute was a failure. Geldert won first place, POLICE GAZETTE entry, Eph Clow, second, and Sullivan of Boston, third place.

GEORGE HAZAEL, the English pedestrian, is training on the Williamsburgh, L. I., Athletic Grounds, for the O'Leary International Belt, which takes place at the Madison Square Garden on May 23.

JAMES CARNET, the light-weight champion pugilist of England, who was recently in this city, has challenged the world to fight for £100 to £200 and the light-weight championship of the world.

At Providence, in the May regatta of the Narragansett Boat Club, the senior single-scutt race was again won by Isaac Kirby, the junior by J. Moore and the double-scutt by J. S. Aborn and H. A. Kirby.

In the races of the American Jockey Club, Lorillard's Parole has the top weight in the Fordham handicap and Great Metropolitan stakes, and Falsetto in the Jockey Club handicap at 120 pounds.

THE Rochester Trotting Association, in order to make its meeting on July 4 a success, offers a purse of \$10,000 for trotters, 2-mile heats, best two in three. Driver and Steve Maxwell to enter and start.

MICHAEL DONAHOE, of this city, is the champion light-weight wrestler of America. He called at this office and stated that he was willing to wrestle any 135 pound man in America for \$500 and the championship.

BENEKE BROTHERS, corner of Mulberry and Canal streets, are making all the walking shoes for the pedestrians who are to compete in the six-day race for the O'Leary International Champion Belt of the world.

ADVISED from San Francisco state that Cotford is doing well at his training quarters at Lake Merced. He is doing a large amount of work and ought to be in the pink of condition on the day of his race with Stevenson.

THE famous jockey F. Archer has now ridden the winner of the City and Suburban five times in 6 years: Thunder in 1876, Julius Caesar in 1877, Parole in 1879 and Master Kildare in 1880, and Bend Or this year.

THERE is a growing interest in the string of trotters which Mr. Orrin H. Hickok, the famous driver of the renowned St. Julien, is about to bring from California to engage in important contests in the East this season.

At Lowell, Mass., J. Hapenny attempted to run three miles on a \$100 wager that he could not lower the American record, 15m. 38 1/2 sec., made by P. J. McDonald of New York, which he succeeded in doing just 13 1/2 sec.

THE great wrestling match between Joe Acton of Wigan, and Ike Smith of Ashull, Eng., Lancashire style, for £170 and the championship, Acton staking £100 to Smith's £70, was won by Smith. Acton was a heavy favorite.

THE "Key" to the picture of the great Heenan-Sayers fight will be presented with next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Dealers should send their orders for extra copies at once.

In Sixty-first street, New York, recently, a desperate rough-and-tumble fight occurred between Thomas Moore and Oscar Storch. Moore took hold of his opponent's nose with his teeth and bit it off. Storch was sent to the hospital and Moore was arrested.

At St. Louis Bogardus won the 100-bird pigeon match for \$1,000 and the championship. He killed 80 birds to W. S. Mitchell's, of Richmond, Va., 88. During the shooting thunder roared, lightning flashed with dangerous brilliancy, and the rain poured down in torrents.

HARRY HILL'S Theatre was packed by sports to witness Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy box six rounds. After half an hour's scientific boxing, Harry Hill declared the affair a draw. Murphy displayed the most science but Kelly's blows were terrific and of the steam hammer order.

ADVISED from Philadelphia state that the date of the intercollegiate race of the crews of the University and Columbia and Princeton colleges has been fixed for Monday, June 27. The race is for the Childs Challenge Cup, and is to be rowed over the national course on the Schuylkill River.

PROF. W. C. McLELLAN, formerly of the corner of Dutch and John streets, the noted ex-champion pugilist and bicycle rider, opened a new sporting house at 37 John street on Saturday, May 23. McLeellan will be surrounded by all the champions and his hosts of friends and he will bid them a right royal welcome.

DICK HOLLYWOOD has backed William Johnson against John McMahon to wrestle collar-and-elbow for \$250 a side. McMahon, according to the conditions, is to throw Johnson twice inside of one hour. The match is to be decided on Monday evening, May 23, at John Clarks, corner of Eighth and Vine street, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM GALE, the English pedestrian now in this city, has fairly walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours, one mile and a half in each hour; and has in the same manner traveled 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each. He has, unfortunately, reached America about two years too late to make his exhibitions a financial success.

At Preston, England, William Cummings defeated William Duddle of Preston, in running 1,000 yards. Cummings won by six yards in the remarkably fast time of 2 min. 17 sec., thus beating the quickest chronicle for 1,000 yards—the performance of James Nuttall, of Manchester, in 1872, when he beat S. E. Rialley, at the Royal Oak Grounds, Manchester, by two yards, in 2 min. 19 3/4 sec.—by 2 3/4 sec.

At Chicago, Ill., the six-day heel-and-toe walking match was won by Chas. Harriman of Haverhill, Mass., who covered 530 miles. Tracey covered 523 miles, Kroone, 520; Struckel, 458; Faber, 450; and Campana, 375. It will thus be seen that the three leading pedestrians beat the best record in a heel-and-toe match made by O'Leary in London. Harriman not only did this, but he also beat every record for each day of the walk. He was almost buried in bouquets when he left the track.

CHARLEY NORTON, the famous pugilist, offers to fight any pugilist in America at 124 pounds for \$1,000 and the light-weight championship of America. O'Leary Geoghegan has engaged Norton to box nightly in full ring costume at the "Old House at Home," 105 Bowery, with

Dan Dougherty, Ireland's light-weight champion. Any one desiring to fight Norton at 124 pounds for \$1,000 can be accommodated by covering \$100 forfeit that O'Leary Geoghegan has posted with Richard K. Fox, and naming a time to sign articles.

THE "Key" to the picture of the great Heenan-Sayers fight will be presented with next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Dealers should send their orders for extra copies at once.

JOHN CUSICK, of State street, in this city, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, May 17, 1881.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"SIR—I am prepared to match Thomas Lynch, of this city, against any athlete in the United States or Canada at throwing the 56-pound weight for \$250 or \$500 a side. Man and money ready at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

JOHN CUSICK."

D. E. ROSE, the manager of the great pedestrian enterprise at Coney Island, on which \$20,000 has been already expended, appears to be the Napoleon of pedestrian managers, and allows nothing to disturb his confidence in himself and his enterprise. When his attention is called to the recent disastrous failures, he smiles and says: "All from bad management. Wait till my new Roman amphitheatre opens; you will see that the public have not lost their taste for good sport, and will flock to see my races." The amphitheatre is now in process of erection at the shore end of the iron pier, and the season will open June 18 with a series of short races. For catalogues and full particulars address D. E. Rose, 71 John street, New York City.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN has forwarded \$200 to London to pay the expenses of Jimmy Highland and Harry Evans, the English champion pugilists, to New York. He has engaged them for 2 years, at a salary of \$50 a week, to appear nightly at his famous amusement hall and sporting house, 105 Bowery. Highland stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 140 pounds. He is one of the cleverest pugilists in England and has won numerous battles in the ring. He fought Greenfield, the present champion of England, twice, and made a game and desperate effort to win, but lost by a foul which occurred when he hurled Greenfield through the ropes. Harry Evans stands 5 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 140 pounds. He has fought nearly all the best light-weights in England. He beat Norton and Bill Davis. On the arrival of these noted pugilists Geoghegan will match Highland against any 132 pound pugilist of America, \$1,000 a side, give or take four pounds. He will match Evans to fight any light-weight of America for \$1,000 to \$5,000, for the light-weight championship. After these noted boxers arrive several others will follow.

SPORTING circles are excited over a proposed prize fight for \$5,000 and the heavy-weight championship of the world between Paddy Ryan of Troy, N. Y., the present champion of America, and John L. Sullivan of Boston. Ryan is vexed at the numerous challenges issued by the backers of the Boston Hercules while Ryan was in trouble, and the Trojan giant has decided to chastise Sullivan in the arena according to the rules of the prize ring, provided Sullivan's backers in Boston make it an object by backing their champion for a large stake. Ryan says: "I did not receive the credit due me after I defeated Joe Goss last June at Collyer's Station, Virginia, and won the championship, as sporting men asserted Goss was too old to fight. I now want to prove that I can win the championship by whipping a young man and then I shall retire." Ryan called on Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and authorized him to arrange any match he might think proper, to meet any man in the world, according to London rules, for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world.

On the 28th ult. at Epsom, England, James Gleeson, of Somers Town, and Thomas Galvin, of Ballinacolla, fought for £50. Gleeson had for his seconds Pat Perry and Tom Monk, of Birmingham, and Galvin was escorted by George Young, of Bernersdown, and the well-known Jack Hopkins (the Bristol Youth). The pugilists made a great battle. In the 52d round terrible punishment was administered by Gleeson. Before, however, the latter could finish his man a cry of "Police" was raised, and the authorities putting in an appearance, a move had to be made, and as there was no chance of bringing the affair to a conclusion, the backers of the men finally agreed to a draw. Thus ended one of the gamiest battles that has been recently witnessed. Throughout the fight both lads behaved in a very fair manner to one another, as only once was the referee called upon to legislate as to a foul, which, being unintentional, was passed over with a caution. Gleeson's hands "went" after the first half hour, but somehow or other they improved afterwards, and fought throughout in a determined manner; his face was put considerably out of shape, the left eye being nearly closed. Galvin's mouth, nose and eyes were much swollen, and, besides, he was severely punished about the body, especially on the left side, from the frequent visitations of his antagonist's right hand.

"THE Champions of the American Prize Ring." Opinions of the press.

A handsome volume published by Richard K. Fox, New York, contains full page portraits of all the champions, elegantly engraved.—N. Y. Sunday News.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is a new and handsome work issued by the POLICE GAZETTE, edited and arranged by William E. Harding.—N. Y. Star.

"Fisticuffs!" Richard K. Fox, New York, has recently issued under this title a handsomely illustrated work which should be a text book for the "Fancy."—N. Y. Sunday Times.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" is the first work of its kind ever published in this country and will doubtless be largely perused by the fistic fraternity.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The only attempt to place on record a complete and connected history of Tom Hyer and his successors who head the championship of America. The book is filled with excellent likenesses of the men, and those who are in any way interested in the prize ring should get a copy of the book.—N. Y. Sportsman.

Richard K. Fox, publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, has issued a handsome book containing a complete history of the heavy-weight champions of America, with authentic portraits of all the noted pugilists and accounts of their battles. The work is the only one of its kind that has ever been published in this country.—Boston Globe, April 3, 1881.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring," with their battles and portraits, has been published in convenient form by Richard K. Fox, of New York. The record begins with the memorable fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and concludes with the Goss-Ryan battle in Western Virginia last June. The sporting fraternity will find this little volume very interesting.—N. Y. Herald, April 9, 1881.

"The Champions of the American Prize Ring" will be mailed to any address on receipt of 33 cents.



FLOATING INFERNOS—LIFE IN THE STEERAGE OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMER.

SCENE 1—THE PASSENGERS, MODE OF SLEEPING. 2—KEEPING UP THE CUSTOMS OF THE "OLD DART." 3—JACK MAKING LOVE TO UN-PROTECTED FEMALE EMIGRANTS. 4—DEALING OUT A DAY'S RATIONS.